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MESMERISM.*

A GRAVE discussion on the phenomena and laws of Mesmerism, after the learned of the medical profession have almost unanimously decreed the nonentity of the state itself, may seem, among *their* retainers, to be little better than a dishonest joke or a sheer impertinence: notwithstanding which, we have come to a decision to treat the subject reverentially and affirmatively, and to avail ourselves of Mr. Townshend's book to lay some account of it before our readers. Our reasons for this heretical proceeding are, that the negative state of the scientific world is no fault of ours,—that the whole progress of science is scarcely anything but an appeal from the opinions of men to the volume of nature,—that we have opened that living volume with our own hands, and read it with our own eyes, and have found mesmerism clearly written down in those pages, whose words are neither imaginations nor delusions, but real things:—in plain English, that we have ourselves both witnessed and produced the phenomena in dispute, and having no guage of the possible, and no faith in the impossible, have been enabled to believe them on precisely the same ground as we believe the existence of the learned doctors, their opponents; namely, on the evidence of our healthy senses.

Many a conclusion unfavourable to mesmerism has been drawn from the incompetence of its professors; the world having always confounded the facts believed with the character of the believers. This injustice will now work its own cure, if the same principle be fairly carried out, and mesmerism, which shares the disgraces of Mesmer, be allowed the credit of the veracity, disinterestedness, and fine intellect of Mr. Townshend. Whether this generous spirit shall speedily prevail, or not, we feel assured that the reverend gentleman must sooner or later be identified in public estimation with the object of this in-

* Facts in Mesmerism, with Reasons for a dispassionate Inquiry into it. By the Rev. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, A.M. 8vo. pp. 575. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans', Paternoster Row. 1840.

Human Physiology, with an Appendix on Mesmerism. By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M.D. Fifth Edition. 8vo. pp. 1194. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans'. 1840.

quiry, and accepted, to the exclusion of all former writers, as its faithful representative, since he is undoubtedly the first who has had the requisite courage and ability to wrest it triumphantly from the twin errors of credulity and scepticism, and bring it under the formal conditions of the recognized sciences: putting a period to three quarters of a century of speculative assertion and speculative denial, by seeing mesmerism as a fact, and making it amenable to the laws of facts.

The qualifications for such an enterprize are of course neither few nor unimportant. Mesmerism is as much a part of the nature of man as of the phenomena of the universe, and therefore it has a varying as well as a constant side. Thus, to give it a home among human beliefs requires an almost simultaneous statement of effects and causes; consequently, the possession of two different orders of faculties, one of which respects the sensible world, the other, the mental constitution. For the first, Mr. Townshend brings a full confidence in the reports of his senses, and a large acquaintance with the records of science, especially with human physiology; great acuteness in observing, and patience and skill in eliciting facts, and a laudable anxiety to derive all his data from his own experience. For the second, he works under a continual presence and with a clear sight of guiding principles, which he never suffers to escape him in the maziest labyrinth of facts. An admirable metaphysician and logician, he has in his own mind the means of adducing our human nature to illustrate the subjective phasis of his inquiry. He loves to pierce the accidental and the formal, to find the true connexions of things under their apparent discrepancies. Lastly, he inclines to high views, and admits of central and authoritative truths, so giving his labours a moral aspect, as well as an intellectual one, and impelling him to seek to utilize mesmerism. When we add to all this, that he has the power of graphically delineating his facts, and pouring forth his reasons with an eloquent earnestness and a flowing ease which is scarcely paralleled by any living writer, and certainly by no writer on science, the reverend gentleman's equipment will seem to be pretty complete.

There is an old saw, still, perhaps, honoured by the respect of many, that the porch of doubt is the true way into the temple of science. It probably belongs to the school with which "I think, therefore I am," is the initial maxim, and which would seem to inculcate that one is obliged to create oneself, before any subsequent step can possibly be taken. We deny this altogether. Our faculties, each and all, are given and positive, and further, the end they arrive at is rigidly determined by the road they take, like ever leading to like, doubt to ulterior doubt, an affirmative state to an affirmative science. Nevertheless, when the natural entrance into a subject has been walled over by the human will, and a doubt-portico erected and opened, we may be absolutely constrained, at least if we would address ourselves to other men, to seem to adopt the unnatural inlet. In obedience, doubtless, to this necessity, Mr. Townshend's first book consists of a "Review of the Causes which have made mesmerism unpopular, and which render it a subject difficult to be treated." These are seen and stated with great clearness. The principal of them are,

1. The prejudice arising from the venality and unscientific character of Mesmer. 2. A mistaken application of the term mesmerism, whereby it has been made to stand for hidden causes instead of visible effects: the consequent investigation of causes before effects, to the periling the existence of the latter on our knowledge of the former, and converting a mere scientific examination into a verbal dispute. 3. Nearly connected with this, the decision of the French academy, which at the same time that it admitted the phenomena, ascribed them to the influence of the imagination. 4. The early attempt to assimilate mesmerism to the certain sciences in an erroneous manner,—to invest it with the needful scientific invariableness, by making it conform to the established rules of other sciences, rather than by studying its own distinctive and peculiar conditions, and resting in its conformity thereto:—such attempt necessarily issuing in an irreconcilable difference between the supposed laws and the real facts. 5. Our impatience of whatever we cannot directly account for: this being, in fact, the deepest reason of all, and the true motive of the rest. These are the causes which are proper to, and which have weight with the sceptic; but the irrational believer himself also supplies his full quota. He is too probably “bewildered with rushing thoughts and wondrous speculations.” Novelty adds its charm, and self-love, and the pride of possessing a new power over man, their flattering lure. The flood-gates of belief are thrown wide open, and an ultrafidianism destroys the healthy balance of his faculties. Mesmerism is the universal solvent of every difficulty, the one cause of all phenomena. Between these parties, truth is exposed to the danger of two fires, till it is forced to betake itself to its old quarters, “the bottom of a well,” which, indeed, may serve as a very correct description of both the plight and the locality in which it was when Mr. Townshend sought it.

Now, if we abstract from these “causes” the indifferent matters of time, place, and circumstance, we shall find that they are by no means peculiar to mesmerism,—that some one, or some combination of them, has been at the foundation of every erroneous result in physical inquiry. Thus, Mr. Townshend, in recording the grounds of the world’s denial of mesmerism, has, in point of fact, given, in the historical form, a fine critique on the manifold errors of the scientific powers themselves, when they are separated unnaturally from higher principles. And here we would remark, that there seems to be some general misunderstanding of the vital nature of errors; it appears to be supposed that the great Bacon settled and actually slew a whole class of them two centuries ago, and that whatever new ones may have since arisen, the old ones at least are clean gone for ever. How much more is it the case, that between error and truth there must be eternal battle without extinction. The very history of opinion demonstrates that fallacies the most ancient are ever stealing into the world in new guises, and mesmerism itself declares but too plainly that the errors of a scientific kind are the same now as they were in Bacon’s time; that many a bigwig who prates of his own inductive science and the follies of the schools, is himself but a modern schoolman, preserving unimpaired and in full flow every characteristic of the ancient ones—with just the exception of their learning.

Passing from the prejudices of its opponents and the mistakes of its professors, we proceed, in Book II. to the phenomena of mesmerism. The simplest statement of its existence is, that when one human being puts himself, with mesmeric intention, into a certain relation of position to, and performs certain motions of the hands before another, he produces in that other a peculiar sleep. The time in which this effect follows is uncertain, varying from a few minutes to an hour. Some persons manifest it imperfectly ; some not till after several successive mesmerisations ; and some not at all. In the mesmeric sleep, the mind is awake and active ; the patient answers the mesmeriser's questions, and exercises motion at the mesmeriser's command ; he is mentally and physically attracted towards the mesmeriser ; follows his steps, obeys his beckonings, and shows the greatest uneasiness when separated from him ; he has a knowledge of what the mesmeriser eats and drinks, indicating community of sensation with him ; an increased quickness of perception, whereby he is enabled to discern the hand and the property of the mesmeriser from that of other persons present ; he has a development of the power of vision, an occasional community of motion with the mesmeriser, and an isolation from all others than him. The whole of these phenomena may be terminated at will by horizontal motions of the fingers of the operator across the forehead of the patient. When the latter awakens, he retains not the slightest recollection of all that may have passed in the mesmeric state, but he generally feels refreshed and invigorated. In order that the reader may perceive some life under this dry generalization, we shall now cite a few of Mr. Townshend's cases :

“ CASE VI.

“ On this occasion some ten or twelve persons were assembled to witness my experiments ; and amongst them was a man of luminous intellect and varied acquirements, whom I was naturally desirous of interesting in the question of mesmerism. He was decidedly sceptical on the subject, but I knew that his was a mind which, if once fairly convinced, would be firmest in faith and foremost in investigation. I was therefore vexed when, after long mesmerisation, my servant, whom, from his having once passed into perfect sleepwaking, I had chosen as the subject of our experiments, remained uninfluenced. Two or three of the party, tired of waiting for a result that came not, went away, and the person whom I was chiefly anxious to convince, and whom I will call V —, having an engagement, was about to follow their example, when I urged him to stay a very short time longer, while I tried another patient, D. C., an undergraduate of Trinity, who wished, as he said, to try the effects of mesmerism, in order to prove their nothingness. After this, I need not add that he was very incredulous on the subject ; every circumstance seemed to diminish the probability of my success. The man I had agreed to mesmerise was in the strength of three and twenty years of age, six feet in height, and muscular in proportion. The stillness of the meeting, once broken, could not be restored. Persons were talking, and moving about the room, and my recent failure had thrown an air of ridicule about the proceedings of the evening, which, if the mesmeric influence were dependent on imagination, would have been sufficient

to annihilate it at once. V—— looked hopeless of seeing any thing remarkable, and had taken up a book.

“The following facts then occurred:—

“I had not held the hands of D. C. more than five minutes, when I remarked a dizzy look about his eyes, which is peculiarly indicative of the incipient stage of mesmeric sleepwaking. Encouraged by this success, I had recourse to the mesmeric passes, when by degrees the eyes of the patient closed, and shortly after the head followed every motion of my hand. V——, at this moment looking up from his book, was surprised to see what had been effected. I beckoned him to come near, and, by reiterated trials, convinced him that my hand had an attractive power over the patient.

“I now spoke to D. C., and asked him if he were asleep; to which he replied, ‘Not precisely.’ I then, at V——’s request, said, ‘How do you feel?’ ‘Very strangely,’ he said, ‘as I never felt before.’ Shortly afterwards, V—— himself spoke to the patient, and I called him by his name, but he seemed to pay no attention to the circumstance. When V—— happened to lay his hand upon his shoulder, the effect of the touch was like that of an electric shock. The patient’s whole body quivered, his features were convulsed, his countenance became deadly pale, and he seemed to gasp for breath, like a person who has been suddenly immersed in cold water. Nevertheless, he did not awake, and the affection, whatever it was, seemed entirely physical (as if his mind had no longer its usual partnership with the body). He himself appeared to be unaware of it; and, when I asked him what had disturbed him—what was the matter with him, he said that he felt nothing whatever. Still, however, he continued to tremble, until, by the application of my hand to his forehead, and by mesmeric passes from the head downwards, I restored him to tranquillity. V——, whom since he touched him, the patient seemed to hear equally with myself, now recommenced speaking, and asked D. C. if he knew him. He replied in the affirmative, and named him. ‘Do you see at all?’ V—— inquired. ‘Not much; I see a red light about so large;’ and D. C. made a circular motion with his hands to express the size of the light. I then asked him, ‘Do you see *me*?’ to which he answered, ‘Yes, I see you always.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I wish you now to get up from your chair.’ ‘Oh no, no! I prefer staying where I am; but *you* must stay with me.’ ‘No!’ I replied, ‘I am going:’ whereupon, he seized both my hands, and exclaimed, ‘You must, on no account, leave me.’ I, however, rose up, when the patient also rose; I walked forward, and he walked also, but unsteadily, and leaning upon me. As he seemed to dislike remaining in an upright position, I placed him in a chair in a part of the room opposite to where he had been. I then proceeded to show V—— some of the characteristic phenomena of mesmerism. I drank wine, water, coffee, with the usual precautions, and the patient distinguished them all, going through the motions of tasting simultaneously with myself. There were various articles of food upon the table, amongst others some sandwiches. These last were given me, and he said directly, ‘You are eating sandwich.’ This may seem strange—it is so to myself; but I state the fact as it occurred. Some snuff that I took from the chimney-piece behind me, turning my back, and suppressing as

much as possible, the usual indications of smelling, was named directly; this being exchanged for flowers, the result was equally satisfactory.

"Remembering with what acuteness of perception Mademoiselle M—— had distinguished between objects that did or did not belong to her mesmerist, I asked for the pocket-handkerchiefs of all the party, twisted up my own in the midst of them, and laid them on the knee of D. C. He was immediately affected with slight shuddering; and tossed away very quickly all the pocket-handkerchiefs but mine. The experiment repeated gave the same results; but the second time he grasped and firmly held my handkerchief, until the time of his awaking.

"At a yard's distance his hand rose up to meet mine, as iron flies to the magnet. From the approach of other hands he recoiled.

"These experiments concluded, V—— said to me—'I am now satisfied that all you asserted to me respecting the mesmeric state is correctly true. I do not know that we are liable to elicit any new fact by keeping D. C. any longer asleep. He looks ill and suffering, and I think you had better wake him.'

"Upon this, I asked the patient if he desired to wake, and he replied, 'Yes, I feel much fatigued.'

"I awoke him, by the usual mesmeric passes, when he expressed the utmost astonishment at finding himself in a different part of the room from that where he had first been mesmerised. The last half-hour had been a blank to him, with this single exception—he thought that he remembered hearing V——'s voice, asking him if he knew him. Faithful, however, to his character, he refused to believe that he had exhibited the phenomena to which we bore witness.

"The next day, as may be supposed, I talked over with V—— the circumstances of our mesmeric evening. I found him entirely persuaded that mesmeric sleepwaking was a distinct state, worthy to be investigated as a part of man. His concluding words were these:—

"I thank you for having enlarged my experience by facts perfectly new to it. I have seen a something which is not sleep, which is not delirium, but a *tertium quid*, for which, as yet, we have no accurate name. The thing is most interesting, but should, I see, be exercised with caution. The effect of my touching D. C. was fearful. You have verified many phenomena. It has occurred to me that you might try, when you have an opportunity, whether the sense of touch in the mesmerised sympathizes with that in the mesmeriser, as do the senses of smell and taste. Try whether, *through you*, the mesmerised person may have a cognizance of form—whether he can ascertain by means of your perceptions if you are handling square objects or round, rough or smooth.' To this suggestion I promised to attend."

"Out of three and twenty individuals in whom I induced sleepwaking, more or less perfectly, six only were women, one only a decided invalid. Let me, however, hasten to anticipate an objection which may have been forming in my reader's mind. I ought, it may be urged, to have noticed my cases of failure as well as of success. This objection shall not long be valid—I have already stated that a cousin of mine could not be influenced by me mesmerically. The trial was, however, scarcely serious or protracted enough to be considered as decisive one way or the other. At Cambridge two persons experienced

no effects from mesmerisation. The one was determined to resist the influence, and to that end was solving an abstruse mathematical problem all the time that I was mesmerising him. The other disliked being mesmerised and was afraid of it;—and fear I have always found to be in mesmerism a most disturbing force. Subsequently among those whom I have essayed to mesmerise, I have met with but four persons who manifested either no symptoms of being affected, or those so slight and equivocal that they may not be relied upon. Of these, two were ladies, who ought (according to the received notion of mesmerism) to have been more easily influenced than persons of the other sex, especially as they allowed me a fair and sufficient trial, while, on the contrary, the two other individuals alluded to jumped up from their seats after a mesmerisation of a few minutes, one of them exclaiming, ‘I feel nothing; and now believe in mesmerism less than ever!’

“However, allowing these cases to pass as absolute failures, it appears that in the space of less than two years, the number of persons mesmerised by one single individual was in the proportion of twenty-three to eight. Striking off even the imperfect cases, there will remain fourteen persons out of thirty-one in whom sleepwaking was fully developed with all its attendant train of characteristic phenomena,—these, too, not being selected by myself as likely subjects for mesmerism, but offering themselves accidentally: and surely they who consider how difficult it is, first, to prevail on persons to submit to mesmerisation at all; and, secondly, to secure an adequate trial, will wonder that the cases are so many rather than so few. The great argument, therefore, against mesmerism, of infrequency and irregularity, falls to the ground. Nor can any one rationally demand a *universality* of mesmeric sleepwaking, before he will admit that it is one of the states into which man generally has the capacity of passing. The exceptions forbid not the existence of the rule. All persons are not, it is to be hoped, mad; yet we pronounce madness to be an affliction to which any man whatever is liable.

“ ‘Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Burly and big—a black abyss of drink,’ ”—

may see all his fellow toppers under the table, himself sober the while; yet this by no means affects the proposition, that drunkenness is a state into which man generally has the capacity of passing.”

The plain inference from these facts is, that mesmerism is a peculiar condition of man: Firstly, as being induced by an external agency, therein differing from somnambulism, hypochondriasis, catalepsy, and all similar abnormal conditions. Secondly, as possessing its own characteristics when induced; for the mesmeric patient acts upon real impressions, and in perfect conformity with external circumstances, but the somnambule generally labours under some delusion. The after oblivion of the perfect mesmeric state is complete; while, on the contrary, some recollection of the respective states of somnambulism, of the exaltation from opium, of drunkenness, and sleep, is commonly carried forward into the ordinary state.

The powers which are manifested by mesmerism, are developed pro-

gressively, becoming exalted with each successive operation. They may be divided into those which are evolved spontaneously by the patient, as natural elements of his new condition; and those which result more clearly from his instant connexion with the mesmeriser. Beginning with the former, and dividing the corporeal functions into sensitive, vital, and motor, we find that the external sensoria are all deadened and unemployed—the eye being the first to resign its office. Of the vital functions, the respiration and the circulation are slower and more tranquil than in the natural state; the digestion more rapid and more perfect. The muscles are totally quiescent, but the power of motion may be reimparted by the mesmeriser, until, increasing gradually, it attains to more than the common perfection; the patient also exhibiting a coincidence and correspondence of his own movements with those of the mesmeriser. We shall now give a case of mesmeric digestion; it might well be headed “glad tidings for dyspeptics:”

“E. A.—a youth aged fifteen, whom I frequently mesmerised, and whose general health was excellent, was suffering one day from an accidental attack of indigestion, accompanied by slight sickness. During an hour’s sleepwaking his uneasy feelings were suspended, and, when he awoke, were found to be completely removed. At another time—not with a view to any particular experiment, but in the way of a pleasantry—I kept the same sleepwaker in the mesmeric state for a longer period than usual, so as to make him eat his supper with our family party, while still in sleepwaking. Our evening meal was brought in; and the patient, at my request, (for otherwise he did not seem to care about taking anything,) ate whatever was given him; and as our object was to make him *feel*, on awaking, that he had had his supper, and to wonder how this had come to pass, we supplied him plentifully with food, so that he actually made a fuller meal than was usual with him at the same hour. We then had the supper things removed; and, in about a quarter of an hour afterwards I awoke the patient. His first question was, “Have I been long asleep?” “How long should you suppose?” we inquired. “I cannot imagine,” he replied; “but I hope we shall soon have supper, for I am very hungry!” At this we all laughed, and assured him that he had just made a capital meal—a piece of information which he at first refused to believe. The bell was rung, and the servant called in to depose to the fact, before he could credit it; and then he appeared by no means disposed to rest contented with what seemed in his idea a refection as visionary as that wherewith the Barmecide in the Arabian Nights regaled the beggar. He begged to have if it were only a crust of bread, to appease the cravings of hunger; and, the wherewithal being afforded, soon made a second repast as substantial as that which we had forced upon him during his sleepwaking.”

The patient undergoes a no less singular change in his mental condition; there is a rise in his moral being, and a new understanding of spiritual things. The light, the vain, the deceitful, and the sceptical, are elevated into the presence of sublime truths, and give forth the utterances of a high philosophy. The unsentimental enter a poetic region. The powers of the memory are especially and remarkably

increased—the patient's past life being represented to him in a wonderful manner. He also exhibits other mental peculiarities. 1. Peculiarities (which belong to him, *per se*,) of consciousness. 2. Of will, the volition which governs bodily motion being active, but the will, in its proper sense, passive and enthralled, and the will of the mesmeriser substituted for it; in consequence whereof, even the volitions require to be primarily instigated by the will of the latter. The mind possesses certain instinctive knowledges. Of remedies, of all that relates to the mesmeric state, and of the lapse of time. The patient, although the external sensoria are closed, preserves, nevertheless, some kind of relation to external things, and the conditions of ordinary sensation, like those of motion, would seem to be restored to him through the mesmeriser. The principal phenomena of mesmeric sensation are, "concentration on, and a consequent intensity of perception of, certain objects with which the mesmeriser places him in contact; a sensibility to influences, such as the emanations of metals, precious stones, &c. to which he is nowise liable in the natural state, and a faculty analogous to vision, which has been denominated *clairvoyance*. In this crowning marvel of the mesmeric state, the patient perceives objects without the ordinary organs of vision, and even athwart the impediments of opaque and solid bodies; nay, the most complete darkness is no hindrance to his perception. This appears to take place generally through the forehead, but occasionally through the whole circumference of the head, or even from remote parts of the body. The eyeless patient executes with precision the delicate operations of needlework, writing, &c., and reads with more or less facility, bringing whatever he handles opposite to the frontal region. The account he gives of his perceptions is, that they come not mediately through the sensorial organs, but immediately to the brain, which, in this state, projects a light upon the object, thus reversing the conditions of the ordinary state, in which the light mounts, *ab extra*, from the object to the brain. This faculty is best exhibited when it develops itself spontaneously, and when the patient operates without solicitation or effort. It is very variable, dependent to a considerable degree on the tranquillity of the patient, on the mental and physical condition of the mesmeriser, and even on the state of the atmosphere. It would appear to be one of the most rare of the phenomena of mesmerism.

Many very interesting cases, exhibiting the phenomena we have described, may be found in the short appendix on Mesmerism, in the fifth edition of Dr. Elliotson's Physiology. The doctor, we think, is peculiarly happy in pointing out the sources of the failures to which mesmeric experiments are liable, and in separating the distinctive phenomena of the state from the accidental conditions which are frequently developed with it. Now mesmerism being, physically speaking, a peculiar abnormal affection of the nervous system, which when once produced, is sometimes capable of reproduction by the mind alone, having also a certain degree of variability, and a tendency to simulate other states, for its very law; it becomes quite necessary, in studying it, to put off all pretences to knowledge *à priori*, and never so much as to employ the mind until the senses have done their utmost, and given in their report; and Dr. Elliotson is well aware of this, as well as of the difficulty of attaining it, when he makes the

seemingly paradoxical assertion, that "*more men can reason well than observe well*:" that more can proceed "*ab assumptis stadiis ad praoptatas metas*" in their own minds, than can find and follow nature's order. We wish our space would allow of large extracts from the doctor's pages; but, as it is, we must content ourselves with a very short one, which will however at once amuse and instruct the reader.

"One of the cleverest men in this country mesmerised an incredulous gentleman, who suddenly fell into the coma. He then blackened the gentleman's face and put him on a woman's cap, and placed a looking glass before him, intending to wake him in this state, and thus convince him he had been asleep. But the wife feared he might be terrified into a fit; so the glass was removed, the cap taken off, his face washed, and he was awakened by transverse passes. When he was awake, he stoutly denied he had ever been asleep, and *disbelieves mesmerism to this hour*. The gentleman who operated had refused to accompany a distinguished friend of mine to the hospital to see my experiments, on the ground of having conceived a respect for me, though unacquainted with me, and being unwilling to have his good opinion lessened by seeing me make a fool of myself. At length he did accompany the baronet. He was astonished, but could not believe, till, seeing one of the Okeys, after the experiments, hanging carelessly over the balusters, he made a pass at a distance behind her back, and in such a manner that it was impossible for her to be aware of it, and he fixed her instantly, senseless and rigid. He has now mesmerised hundreds and converted as many."

All these things, we are well aware, have been a thousand times pronounced impossible, and this, by the first scientific men of the time; but as they have been *seen* by competent witnesses, we, like good Baconians, at once accord them a place among irrefragable and established facts. The method of their proof is precisely that which has been adopted with the facts which stand in our books of chemistry, optics, electricity, and other sciences; and the precautions which have been taken against delusion, fully make up the difference between mesmerism and any purely objective thing, and ensure to it all the certainty of which any physical truth can possibly be capable. Mr. Townshend, however, is not satisfied with the mere proof of his point: he humanely endeavours to deprive incredulity of all its pretexts, and in Book III. proceeds to show, that many abnormal states, whose existence is acknowledged, serve to connect mesmerism with our general experience, and thus to facilitate its reception. For instance, natural somnambulism, which, in many of its wonders it nearly resembles, links it with traditionary belief, and with personal experience, and our familiar association of power with the corporeal instruments of the mesmeriser, the eye and the hand, suffices to exhibit it in connexion with an adequate cause.

Further, the peculiarities of the mesmeric consciousness are themselves but extreme phases of well-known and even ordinary states. For, firstly, it is a law of our common condition, that, in proportion as self-regardance is annulled, the powers of thought and motion are increased; and facts show, that in the mesmeric state, from which the introspective consciousness is completely absent, a similar, but greater,

increase of those powers is effected. Secondly, in proportion as the intellectual consciousness is heightened and spiritualized, the physical is deadened and depressed: a spiritualization and a deadening which differ indeed in degree, but not in kind, from the physical unconsciousness, and mental elevation, of mesmerism. Thirdly, consciousness acts more forcibly, the more it is brought to bear on a single point: a law which is remarkably carried out in the power of the faculties during that concentration of mind which is peculiar to the state we are now considering. Fourthly, the phenomena of oblivion and recollection in the mesmeric state, plainly come under the rule, that series of thoughts recur then, and then only, when we are in conditions of consciousness similar to those in which they were conceived originally.

It remains to be shown, that mesmeric sensation, with all its apparent anomalies, is no real infringement of the absolute laws of sense. To do this, we must discard appearances, and search for principles: we must bear steadily in mind what all physiology teaches us, that the absolute essentials of sensation are only two; firstly, the mind, in which sensation really exists; secondly, certain motions, propagated in whatever manner from some object to the brain, whereof the last is the true antecedent to the sensation. These essentials we must distinguish carefully from the formal conditions of sensation; namely, the sensorial organs, and the motions affecting them, which do no more than give limitation and fixity to the sentient mind and ever-varying nerves. Keeping this distinction continually in view, it will be plain that no alteration or even annihilation of the mere sensoria is sufficient to annul the possibility of sensation, provided adequate motions be still enabled, by any other path, to travel inwards to the brain. Now we challenge all the physiologists who ever existed to show that the great toe itself may not furnish such a path. This view of the case, which must, or at least ought to be a familiar one to the medical philosopher, subdivides sensation into general and special, fundamental and organic; and on this point let us attend, for a brief space, to Mr. Townshend.

"We have followed sensation inward only to arrive at the mind itself, and to exhibit it as not the plaything of the senses, but their lord and master.

"Is this a truth which is new to us? If so, it is well that we should learn it now. It is time that we who talk of the march of intellect at the present day should rise above the vulgar view of sensation, and, as Coleridge phrases it, endeavour "to create the senses out of the mind, and not the mind out of the senses." Let us no more return to gone-by errors. Anciently courage was seated in the heart, sorrow in the spleen, love in the liver, &c.; yet this was not worse than deeming sensation to be actually in the organs of sense. We may as well say that modesty is inherent in the cheeks, because they blush. Again, when smell is lost through the absence of its external organ—when hearing is impaired by a collapse of the external ear—when a person is near-sighted from convexity of the cornea, art can supply a false nose whereby odorous impulses are again properly gathered and perceived—can concentrate in an ear-trumpet the vibrations of the air—can, by proper glasses, restore the purblind to perfect vision. Are we, on that account, to say that sensation is seated in our false nose, arti-

ficial ear, or spectacles? What better reason have we to suppose that any external apparatus of sense can actually *create* ideas in the soul?

"A higher philosophy must teach us that the senses are but the instruments—the mind the power—of knowledge. The development, indeed, of its immortal stores may depend upon some external touch, which unlocks the treasures of the casket, and one by one exposes them to the light; but, as a seed includes potentially the future plant, leaf, blossom, and fruit, so does the mind contain within itself its own capacities of expansion. Even granting that, till written upon by the finger of the universe, it is a blank, and that all the magnificent endowments which it displays are, until called into action and educated by external existences, as though they were not, still, when once vivified and instructed, it is able to act for itself, and to use its material organs as instruments of its intelligence and will. Till we recognize this truth in perfect clearness, there will be confusion even in our physiological researches. Before, also, we can study sensation aright, we must learn to separate it logically into its two great divisions of general and special—the first relating to us when considered as sentient beings only; the second relating to us, when considered as sentient beings fitted and adapted to a peculiar state of existence and to the mechanical arrangements of this our world. The first is fundamental, the second occasional; the first is a principle, the second the modification of a principle. Our present organization has reference to our present condition; but sensation is of no time—of no era: it is as old as creation itself. Now mesmerism tends to expose to us the fundamental sensation apart from the organic. Unless, then, we can approach it with a due knowledge of this distinction, its revelations will be spread before us in vain; they will darken rather than illuminate our understandings. Till we thus study man and mesmerism (which is almost another word for man) we shall remain far behind the German school, both of metaphysicians and of physiologists. But unfortunately we incline to the philosophy of a lighter nation, who have anatomized the body till they see nothing beyond the play and spring of nerve and muscle. With their accuracy of material examination I do not quarrel; I will, if they please, give up the term *soul*, which seems to offend them so mightily; but I will, even from themselves, force the confession that man *thinks*; and whoever does not see clearly that *thinking* has no likeness or relation whatever to any material operation is in no condition to judge any subject, or to argue on any point whatever. There is a radical defect and confusion in his mind, or (if he prefer so to phrase it) in his brain. These remarks are not uncalled for, because it is to be suspected that one of the sins, of which mesmerism is guilty, is that of giving preponderance to mind over matter, and of rescuing sensation from its connection with certain organs with which some persons would absolutely and inextricably identify it. Can it be denied that too many physiologists love to view man as only a *result* of various organs? It has even been affirmed by those who would make us wholly dependent on our material organization, that the loss of an external sense involves the loss of ideas, which have been furnished by that sense. Nothing can be more absurd or untrue. I have questioned on this very point many individuals

who had lost their sight for years, and they have all concurred in saying that in dreams they had a lively sense of vision.

“Milton’s beautiful sonnet, beginning—

‘Methought I saw my late-espoused saint,’
and ending—

‘But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I woke—she fled—and day brought back my night,’

is a written record that sensation survives the sense to which it formerly was indebted. Beethoven, it is well known, became perfectly deaf at the age of twenty-eight, and thenceforth his whole world of wondrous harmony was seated in his mind. A celebrated living artist is blind of one eye. According to the theory of some persons he should be only half an artist; but his works are remarkable for correctness of design, and splendour of colouring. These are facts which are in harmony with mesmerism. Let not, then, the determined materialist quarrel with this infant science, as if it alone proclaimed the supremacy of mind over matter. Even should it go to prove that we can see without our eyes, there is no such great cause for alarm. Metaphysicians have told us again and again that we do not see with our eyes, but with our understandings,—and the world is not yet come to an end.”

We proceed to the Theory of Mesmeric Sensation. Now as all perception of distant objects must evidently be brought about by connecting media, so, too, must mesmeric perception; and the absolute conditions of sense being moving media, and a corresponding sensorium, it is clear that both these pre-requisites may exist in the mesmeric state, although, inasmuch as the ordinary sensoria are closed, the ordinary media must be unavailable. That a subtle medium, then, which probably is the external groundwork of all sensation, does supply the required communication between the mind and the object, is a hypothesis necessitated by the facts of the case; in other words, it is an enlargement by mesmerism of our knowledge of nature’s hidden principles; and such medium becomes no less a fact than is oxygen gas, or any other colourless and unliquifiable thing which has never yet been rendered visible; but whose existence physical effects themselves attest and demonstrate.

In Book IV. Mr. Townshend propounds his theory of the mesmeric agency, considered as a branch of physics. The influence of one human being on the body of another, and through intervening spaces, proves the existence of an invisible medium between the two, which he denominates the mesmeric medium. The physical effects of this medium on man, its aggregation when transmitted through persons placed in contact with the mesmeriser, its exhaustion and repair, and the manner in which its effects, like any other corporeal gifts, are strengthened by just and regular exercise; also, the probability deduced from facts, that there is a certain fixed ratio between the mesmeric force of him who dispenses, and him who submits to the influence—these considerations contribute to bring it within the domain of physics. Like all other physical agents it affects man mentally as well as physically. The variability of its effects on different subjects, and on

the same person at different times, is precisely what might have been anticipated from its contact on one side with the ever-changing states of ever-varied man. This medium is primarily set in motion by the human mind, as is evident from the fact, that in ordinary states of sensibility, its influence is never communicated, save when the will is directed to produce mesmeric effects. Impulsions from the mind have the power of pervading the medium to great distances, and of there operating mesmerically on susceptible patients. In consequence of the communication of the physical forms of thought as they exist in the brain to this elastic medium, the patient sometimes has the singular faculty of reading the mind of his mesmeriser. Mr. Townshend regards the mesmeric medium as probably identical with the medium of mesmeric sensation, inasmuch as what is predicated of the one may be said equally well of the other; both being capable of communicating impulsions to the human system from a distance;—both acting through obstacles which are impediments to grosser media;—both bearing an especial relation to the human mind. The mesmeric medium resembles electricity in many striking points; for instance, in its varied action and pervading influence; in its ready escape from the points of the body, such as the tips of the fingers; in its transference to certain metals by human contact, and in the slow manner in which these substances part with it; in its conditions of exhaustion and repair; in its intensity or diminution during different states of weather; and in the possibility of its accumulation in bodies without producing any sensible change in their properties. Further, the faculty revealed by mesmerism of producing motion and sensation in another human being by a medium, would seem to indicate, that our own minds make use of a medium, and of a similar one, to produce these effects in ourselves, consequently, that the mesmeric medium is the long-sought connexion which links the soul to the body, and the spiritual to the material creation.

Having thus proceeded from effect to cause, it remains to carry the process a step farther, and to exhibit mesmerism as more than an intellectual curiosity—as a means to definite and peculiar uses. These are physical, mental, and spiritual. Mesmerism is one of the most potent, and yet the most gentle of remedial agents. In its deep and unconscious bosom, the restless will ceases its wearying, the ills of the individual are held in abeyance, and nature herself, actively influent and unhindered, tacitly re-arranges the disjointed organism. Its restorative energies are often immediately sufficient for the removal of our lighter ailments; while diseases of long standing, and even those which are incurable, *secundum artem*, have given way under its continued operation. Nay more, patients have undergone formidable surgical operations in the mesmeric state without feeling and without fear, only learning afterwards by word of mouth that the dreaded thing was over.

Mesmerism has also its mental application: concerning us nearly “as improveable beings, capable of immortality.” It demonstrates a larger communion of man with nature,—a more universal presence of the soul in the body, than had hitherto been dreamt of in our philosophy. It shows all our human faculties in immediate contact with

God's creation, and thus connects even dead things with eternal uses. It reveals the mind as independent of the senses, and lays bare to reason the fundamental organism which is to constitute the spiritual body. In a word, it is a means of extending our knowledge that it may confirm our hopes; and it is even more than a means—it is an end in itself—a necessary part of our very essence, wherein consists its final use and its spiritual character.

We have now followed Mr. Townshend pretty closely through his "Facts in Mesmerism," and we are so well satisfied with the manner in which he has executed his difficult task, that we hope he will straightway look out for some other high thing which is suffering undeservedly from the world's neglect, and take it under his immediate protection. Nevertheless, we have one or two exceptions to take to his generally admirable reasoning. It may be seen from the course of this analysis, that he represents the mesmeric state as a rise to the patient in his moral, intellectual, and sensitive capacities. This, we admit, is a convenient, and it may be, even a necessary use of terms, for there are the sensible evidences of an elevation *somewhere*, and where shall we so naturally place it as where it certainly appears to be—in the patient? Still we think it ought to be guarded by an explanatory statement, and this is nowhere made. Now how there can be any "moral" state at all in the patient, seems inexplicable, since "his will, in its freedom and absolute sense, is passive;" that will, which is determinant of the whole man, and gives him his every particular direction towards good or evil. Nor can we allow of the *patient's* intellectual elevation; firstly, because the will, which is the very groundwork and mainspring of the intellect, is, *pro tempore*, extinct and inactive; and secondly, because the intellectual state of the patient is proved by Mr. Townshend's own facts, to be the mere reflexion of the mesmeriser's mind, the structure of the patient's intellect only availing to mould in some slight degree the character of the materials it receives. Nor can sense and motion be any more said to attach to a being whose proper will and intellect are dormant, than morality and intelligence. The simple fact seems to be, that the mesmeric agency reduces the patient to a mere organism, whose animation is marvellously suspended, yet not extinct, and that the will, which constitutes our individuality, and by a sort of spiritual impletion and tension makes our very bodies our own, being abrogated, certain influences act upon and guide and sway the wondrous fabrics of the inner man. What these influences are we had rather not declare our opinion, lest the world, or even the Reverend gentleman himself, should accuse us of superstitious tendencies, classing us, perhaps, with "some wild author, who believed his dreams to be the work of spirits."

We find ourselves again dissentient from our author, on the question of the identity of the medium of mesmeric sensation with that other medium which connects the mesmeriser with the patient. We regard the reasons on which Mr. Townshend seeks to establish such identity, as unsatisfactory and inconclusive; and we do *not* admit that all the qualities of the one may be predicated of the other. The medium which is effective of mesmeric sensation extends from the object seen to the internal sensorium; but the medium which conveys the mesmeric

action, from the organs of the will (wherever they be)—not from the sensoria—to the same organs in the patient. Thus the two mediate between things which differ from each other in their very essence. It is true, indeed, that they both bear an especial relation to the human mind; but, then, the very conditions and necessities of their existence demand their relation to different powers or principles of it. Can we for a moment imagine that that which mediates between the will of the operator and that of the patient, availing to subjugate the latter to the former, can be identical with that which connects the sensoria of the patient with outward objects? This would be to jumble together all the faculties of the mind, in which even nature's distinctions begin, and where distinctness reigns pre-eminent, in one homogeneous and inextricable confusion. Nor will it avail to contend, that sensation is itself an action, (which we readily admit that it is,) unless it can be shown, that the several acts, of will, thought, and sense, are all adapted to give impulsion to the same system of media. Now we find that common sensation, which also is an action, is physically effected by a different medium from mesmeric sensation, although the objects perceived, and thus the last result, are in both cases precisely the same: and shall we not, reasoning from this safe analogy, infer a difference far greater between the medium which has primal contact with the human will, (the originator, not of sense at all, but of pure action,) and the medium which only reaches the highest organic principle of sense, than between the latter and the medium of outward sensation? Nay, further, the same remarks will plainly apply to the communications of an intellectual kind between the mesmeriser and the patient. The action of the understanding through distances also demands a medium of operation, and a peculiar one, on precisely the same grounds as the internal sensitive capacities themselves.

We here take our leave of Mr. Townshend, with a wish and a hope that again and again we may meet in the fields of literature, fertilizing the barrenness of "our poor singular age." The subjective or spiritual side of things lies all before him: let him now set about to explore its arcane treasures, that so, under his guidance, we may, in his own beautiful words, "be enabled to exchange abstracted notions for something which may satisfy the natural longings of man after the real and the permanent,—a conclusion to which even the ideal tends."

J. J. G. W.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR. In giving insertion to the above review, we are desirous of adding a word in corroboration. Mr. Coleridge lived to give testimony in favour of the facts of animal magnetism; we are also witnesses ourselves to cases where no doubt can exist. Some people, however, seem to think that the psychological evidence produced by its means is of an *à priori* character. On the contrary, it is as *à posteriori* in its nature as that of Chemistry itself! The method proceeds in fact by psychological analysis.—*Ed.*

THE MOST MODERN CONTINENTAL AUTHORS, IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.—NO. III.

GERMAN POETS.—FREIHERR VON ZEDLITZ.

WHEN we last accompanied Von Zedlitz in his summer flight among the green fields and bright flowers of poetry, however much we might rejoice in the beauty of his verse and the sweetness of his thoughts, many of us, I doubt not, missed the energy and the majesty which have always characterized at least SOME of the productions of the true poet. We felt that it was play and not work wherein we were engaged; that we were lolling easily "*patulæ sub tegmine fagi*," while others, with less power, were bearing the heat and toil of the day. We must now show our readers that our poet too has his hours of severe and earnest thought; although he still hides their sternness and severity with the veil of his "own melodious verse." He has as yet been but dallying with the muse; it has as yet been but the sunny, yet butterfly time of courtship, wherein all sorrow, all care, all that may vex and trouble, is scrupulously hidden from the view of the beloved, and heaven and earth searched for "all sweet forms of pleasure." But these bright hours are past, and he is as it were wedded to his airy companion, and therefore the times of his boyhood are past with him, and he begins to see and sympathize with the sterner things of humanity. In this state, and under this light, we shall now contemplate him, and for this purpose we have selected his best poem, the "*Todtenkränze*" or "*Wreaths for the Dead*." Under this title he gives us his views of the aim and scope of humanity, and its ultimate attainment of its end. The poem is written in the beautiful canzone measure of Italy, and its form is something of the following nature. Dreaming of warlike fame, the sweet pleasures of love, and all the realities or nothings, as the case may be, in search of which men spend their lives, he is roused by a mocking spirit of death, a Mephistopheles of the tomb, who undertakes to lead him among the graves of the great and good of earth, and over those solemn spots to show to him the emptiness and futility of all human aspirations. They seek accordingly the tombs of Wallenstein, Napoleon, Petrarch, Byron, and others, at each of which the poet refutes the scoffs of his spiritual foe, and concludes with a triumphant assertion of his victory; the only result of his airy tour being that his thoughts are purified and chastened, and in several respects corrected. He learns to see less of the "pomp and circumstance" of war, and to see through the thin veil of glory, the bloody corpses of the slain, to hear through the din of trumpets the groans of dying victims to ambition. But to balance this, he sees more of, and learns to trust more to the higher and nobler affections of man, and traces through a thin and hazy atmosphere of worldliness how "perfect love casteth out fear." If we have any fault to find with this it is that it is too earthly, that he has refined too little, and been too sparing in his use of the magic wand of poesy. But as our readers may judge differently, we submit the words themselves to their decision, trusting,

however, that our opinion may be confirmed. It is at the grave of that modern "*εγνοοιγαιος*," whose sceptre for a while swayed the wild waves of humanity, but at the last was broken in the struggle.

Then from his grave I brake a branch of laurel,*
And hid it in my bosom for a token :
"O lead me far from hence, O lead me onward,"
Unto the sprite I cried ; "O let us hasten
Far from this spot of sorrow all too worthy !
For what is worthy yet to win compassion,
And draw forth tears outgushing,
If not the sight of those who down have sunken
Beneath the Gods of vengeance, for that, daring,
Their co-mortality they have forgotten,
Drunk with the pride of their own swollen greatness ?
Lead me from henceforth to the furthest distance,
Hence from the dust of burnt-out planets lead me.

Not those who for war's blood-stained fame have striven
Will I behold, and never more extol them ;
So many tears on the proud wreath are hanging.
Oh, who upon that gory path would wander,
Whence all joy's blessings, ruthlessly outrooted,
Are trampled down in the rough dance of battle ?
I shudder at this splendour,—
This dark, this wild, ungentle, fiery redness.
On this sad earth there weighs enough of sorrow,
'Tis time at last peace were again upon it,
Time that men blessed, time that they ceased from slaughter.
Take hence the sword, and leave yon palm-trees waving,
Hence with the wreath, I may no more behold it.

Them let me praise, who the dull world regard not,
Who stand alone 'mid its tumultuous raving :
Perceiving nothing of the tempest's horror,
And only up to one sweet star are gazing ;
Who it, and it alone, love to contemplate,
Although unnumbered in the dark blue azure
Of heaven's vaulted meadows,
The golden glories here and there are sailing.
O fools, who after other joys are hasting !
Two hearts who find and recognize each other,
Four lips upon each other closely pressing,
Four arms each other sweetly intertwining,
What more on earth is needed for enjoyment ?"

One would think something more. A heart full of heavenly love of which the earthly love was but a phase, and whose signature it should bear. Such is the perfect love that casteth out all fear, and war, and bloodshed ; and O that God would shed abroad his love in our hearts ! O that we saw how contrary all war, how much more needless war is to the spirit of our holy religion ! Men's eyes are very dim, or else they have wilfully blinded themselves. Even our clergy do not recognize the duty of protesting against needless war ; they have for-

* I have given most of my extracts in unrhymed verse : but in order that the reader may see the style of the versification, I have given one or two pieces in the metre of the original, *e. g.* the verses upon Byron.

gotten that they are the ministers of peace and mercy. It is, indeed, lawful for Christian men to take arms at command of the magistrate, but is it lawful that that command should be given always and for any reason; that earth should be deluged with blood, thousands of families bereaved, and mischief irreparable committed for some poor dispute, a petty line of boundary, the imaginary integrity of a fallen power, or the hundred other causes for which rulers think fit to plunge a peaceful nation in all the horrors of war? In such cases why are the ministers of the Prince of Peace silent? Why is it left to one of less authority to announce to erring man the will of his Maker? Why is the poet to stand in the place of the ordained minister of God? Verily, in more senses than Shelley meant it, are poets "the hierophants of an *unapprehended* inspiration." But we must part from this subject; it is one too vast, we had almost said too holy, for hasty writing and crude thoughts; one that needs volumes for its enunciation, that should have the voice of an archangel for its enunciator. May God soon teach men what he meant when he said, "mercy and not sacrifice," till our vain lip-worship end in true reverence for Him, and through Him, His creature and our fellow-creature, man. But for love, is our poet perfect in his view of it? Is love to be restricted to that between man and his fellow-creature? Not that we would speak slightly or disparagingly of human love; for that it is which softens and hallows our intercourse with each other, which is our support and encouragement in toil and sorrow: but this is not *love*. Love it is by which the course of nature moves in its unvaried round. Love it is by which the stars perform their appointed courses; it is love that rules the waves and sways the tempest; by his power all things are double one against another, and nothing is made single. Love made the worlds, for *God is love*. Our poet, therefore, has made too little of his subject; enough he could not; more he might have made. But he has not spoken only of love and lovers abstractedly, he has also given us an actual, veritable pair, "far-famed" in story, personages no less than Laura and Petrarca. Let us hear what he says of them:—

Behold yon monastery gray upsoaring,
 St. Francis binds it in its bonds of duty.
 See'st thou its towers? "There," said the mighty spirit,
 "Doth Laura, once a star of love and beauty,
 From ages gone her gleaming light outpouring,
 In yon dark church her resting place inherit.
 See'st thou yon altar? Near it
 From earthly troubles snatched away, she lieth."
 "Each tongue thy name revered to heaven upraiseth,
 Thy name in joyous strains a monarch praiseth;
 As long as love thro' earth a wanderer hieth,
 Petrarch, so long thy gentle lays are sounding,
 Like a sweet echo from each breast rebounding.
 O, happy pair, well envy men your pleasures,
 As he who stands on mountain tops beholdeth
 Clouds in the vale beneath, while round expanding
 In golden rays his head the light air foldeth;
 So deep beneath you lie all earthly treasures.
 While ye upon life's loftiest height are standing;

Ye from that height commanding,
 Despise the idle toys which fools desiring,
 Spend life and its short span in vain endeavour
 To grasp the treasure heap that flies them ever ;
 Ye scorned the empty glare, more high aspiring,
 Ye shine all glorious in the bright sun's centre,
 High over earthly joys which might not with you enter."

" And yet I say, from Laura's eyes descending,
 More tears have rolled, her soul within her sinking,
 More vipers upon Petrarch's breast suspended,
 His heart's best life-blood from that breast were drinking,
 Than e'er—"

But we need quote no farther : there are but few who would yield up the pleasure of love for fear of its pains ; the rose has a sting, and yet many gather it.

Our next extract must be rather longer. It is a character of Byron, or rather Herr v. Zedlitz' opinion of his character. On a point still so disputed, and on which so much has been written, we will add no more, except to say that the opinion of the German poet does not seem the *most* unworthy of adoption : it is given evidently with a mind unprejudiced, which blames the noble bard rather for the good not done, than for the evil done, rather for the talents unspent, than those mis-spent. We have selected it also as a specimen of the author's style, and have, therefore, rendered it in rhyme as well as in the metre of the original.

Come! wouldst thou contemplate another poet,
 Come o'er the sea round Albion's island bending,
 Which rages round in tumult everlasting,
 Her tall white cliffs from every foe defending.
 Lo yon proud tower! in shade the gray clouds throw it,
 How 'mid the air its rocky breast 'tis casting,
 Wild tempests round it wasting,
 How 'mid the air its giant limbs 'tis heaving
 Up to the starless heavens dimly lighted.
 Hark to the moan! the ravens fly affrighted,
 The tempest banners everywhere are waving
 Amid the marching winds, which swift are pouring
 Thro' the gray oaks in fearful concert roaring.

Those halls are empty, once with throngs abounding,
 Each chamber desolate, no sound relieveth
 The deep stern silence of these ruins hoary :
 No servant now the welcome guest receiveth,
 The stranger hears his own steps only sounding
 Through the high-vaulted roofs far-famed in story.
 Why, O, of song thou glory,
 Art thou no more these kindred walls adorning?
 Thou mouth of song, why art thou shut for ever?
 Why hast thou ebbed away, thou glorious river?
 Ye genii of the place, I ask you, mourning,
 Where is the high soul once amid you dwelling,
 Who on the whirlwind rode 'mid tempests swelling.

Here dwelt a spirit full of strength and wonder :
 His breath was not like summer breezes sighing,

From 'mid the linden summits gently pouring,
 All pleasant flowery odours from them flying!
 His song was fearful as the stormy thunder
 When upon mighty wings 'tis onward soaring
 Amid the tempest's roaring,
 While the dark clouds their bosoms are unlading,
 From the dense hail which in them they were bearing.
 We view its might the golden corn uptearing,
 The skies their rainstreams o'er the fields are shedding.
 Save where the veil of the black cloud is riven,
 There through the darkness smiles the dark-blue heaven.

And as the fearful hosts of demon faces
 Drove men to madness with their savage chorus,
 A shuddering thus our deepest sense comes over
 When his fear-bearing minstrelsy streams o'er us :
 And as men rising to heaven's highest spaces
 Where air is rarest—life and breath discover
 Stayed when too high they hover,
 And from the close-pressed lungs the blood upstarteth ;
 So, to escape the magic full of anguish,
 The soul strives while with fear the senses languish,
 Until the terror from the mind departeth,
 When he who drew the ring, the great magician,
 Raises his wand, and laughs in proud derision.

In just complainings melts aright our sadness,
 Our spirit on such mournful picture dwelling,
 Not a fair swan o'er bright green meadows singing,
 Where smiling fields with fruits and flowers are swelling,
 We see thee borne through airy realms of gladness,
 Lone eagle like, where fear her shades is flinging,
 O'er deserts sad thou'rt winging :
 We gaze, and in the air no more may find him,
 When from the rock on which he sate he saileth
 Through distant realms of air, our vision faileth,
 The eye which fain would follow stays behind him,
 And yet not to the sun his way he forces,
 He seeks around with piercing glance for—corse.

Oh thou unhappy one, whose troubled mirror
 Reflects those pictures back so dark and tainted,
 Which life and nature, o'er their surface streaming
 In brightest tints so lovelily have painted ;
 Dost thou rejoice to draw the soul to error
 With thy pale light, tho' on thy forehead beaming
 The master-seal e'er gleaming
 Shows power is given thee, 'mong the spirits, o'er us ;
 No more thy memory to my soul returneth,
 Before mine eyes Prometheus' image burneth,
 Yet in confusion strange it lies before us :
 Art thou Prometheus 'neath the vulture bleeding ?
 Art thou the vulture on his entrails feeding ?

Whether this be true or not our readers must decide each for himself: it certainly is beautiful; and even supposing the character drawn to be entirely imaginary, is full of brilliancy and majesty of thought. There is about our poet a sound healthy tone of expression, a mode of thought which shrinks from triviality while it keeps far away from

mysticism, which, in these times of common-place and obscurity, it is very gratifying to meet with. In this poem, in particular, he has grappled with all the difficulties of a most difficult subject, and yet avoided entanglement and confusion; he has shown the end and aim of man's strivings; he has grappled bravely with that intricate question of the balance of good and evil in human fate, and solved the question in the way we would wish it to be solved, without bringing in the aid of religion; he has made his poem a practical vindication of the ways of God to man, only introducing the creature, and leaving the Creator behind the veil of those causes and effects which he has made the immediate agents in his moral government. It is a poem on natural religion, and on man's inherent greatness; and nobly has he shown forth man through all the dimness and mist of crime and error, to be yet a creature worthy of so great a Maker! in his goodness how majestic; in his sin and misery fallen, yet fallen like an angel. Triumphant, too, is his final declaration of the usefulness of man's strivings, even though on earth he grasp only shadows; shadows though they be, he yet shows them to be types of realities to come; shadows truly, but of coming certainties. Would to Heaven the Christian could feel the firm conviction of man's capability for happiness and goodness which is thus deduced even from the imperfections of *natural humanity*; then would faith be more pregnant of reality, hope the more surely be swallowed up in completion. Let us hear his magnificent conclusion:—

“And art thou blest?” I heard the spirit asking,
 “Who mock'st the prudent one, who free from troubles
 'Neath the broad shade of peace himself reclineth,
 Content, if for his frame he hath provided;
 On a safe path that will not yield he walketh;
 Securely held and anchored in the haven
 His vessel safe is lying;
 Whilst thou art wandering over mountain pathways,
 A fallen, frail tree thy bridge o'er deep abysses;
 Close by thee roll uprooted rocky masses,
 And bare cold mountain paths soar high above thee,
 Thou whose whole life is vain and empty striving
 After a distant goal, say, art thou happy?”

“I am, I am! e'en could I ne'er attain it,
 Still I could dream it, and mine eye behold it;
 As Moses stood before the land forbidden,
 And knew it by its signs so full of blessing,
 Sending his glances on his wishes' pinions,
 Thus stand I, gazing from the rocky summit!
 I am! tho' death's strong fetters
 May now surround me—my pulse beat no longer,
 Yet I *have* seen it—with its flowery meadows,
 Its roses, and its rays of sunny beauty,
 Its flowing brooks, and lakes of molten silver!
 Yea tho' my foot ne'er touch it I *have* seen it,
 Like Moses on the threshold will I perish!”

“And what then hast thou gained, that Caleb's vintage
 Thou hast beheld yet tasted not, I ask thee,
 That thou reality for dreams hast bartered?”

"The firmness that reality to suffer.
I can behold, how merit lies in ashes,
How darkness circled round with brightest glories
Its hollow head upreareth,
How in the wise man's room the fool is sitting,
And virtue grieves all wretched and forsaken,
How hateful vice and vile demerit scoff her,
And drive her trembling from the home of fortune,
The bad tree blooming, and by lightning stricken
The noble stem—this can I see still hoping.

And therefore will I hail the better future
Which in me lives, which I behold within me,
Thither to meet the young day will I hasten,
Following the star to which my fate I've trusted.
When I the dust from off my feet have shaken,
Then will I too, soft branches round me waving,
Lie down in happy quiet!
For one, I know, amid the stars is circling,
And from their bright choir draweth strains harmonious,
Broods o'er the waters, bids the storm be silent,
And bids a Pharos glitter in the distance.
No seed in vain from his high hand down-falleth,
And in his time he will perfect the harvest."

"Well, then, now will we part," replied the spirit,
"And if a dream be joy, be still a dreamer;
Yet, once awaked, again thou wilt not slumber."
He fled, once more I lay 'mid grassy verdure,
Dark groves and trees around, and matted thickets,
While, like the Phoenix with his fiery pinion,
The glorious sun was sinking;
And bright green glories played among the foliage,
And all things round seemed melting into roses,
As if dame nature were a feast preparing,
Showing herself in beaming robes of glory!
But, like thin-wreathed smoke, the spirit vanished
Into the air, and I no more beheld him.

A glorious conclusion this, to be deduced by the unaided natural man. Surrounded by this bright halo, life, its toils and troubles, its cares for bread by day, and rest by night, its blighted hopes and baffled aspirations, vanish in a blaze of light. It is, indeed, encouraging to see this faith in humanity among our modern poets; to behold them beckoning on the sinking spirit, showing it its powers, the mark at which it is justified in aiming, showing the internal reward which still remains after a lifetime spent in fruitless struggles for a bright and lofty object. After the deluge of mock-misery, which poets, old as well as young, good as well as bad, have been pouring upon us, in which they have confounded means with ends, causes with effects, and morbid sentimentality with well-warranted despair, it is pleasing to see the more healthy school of poetry rising up round us. The light of hope has sprung up in the horizon of despair, and "hope on, hope ever," is the motto of our new champions. The philosophy of sense, so pregnant with disappointment, is fast losing its hold upon our poets, and a better day is dawning, wherein the spirit shall be aided against the flesh, and the flesh war no more against the spirit. We may see in those

twin-born spirits of darkness, Socialism and Chartism, the last-dying efforts of that overweening affection for the things of sense, which forgot the very power by which those things were.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood in what we have said ; let us not be supposed to be setting too high a value on this natural religion, which is but one step, although a most important one, towards our emancipation from this sensuous incubus which has lain so long upon men, cramping and rendering ineffectual all their strivings for something better. Doubtless doth this poetry of natural religion show how virtue is its own reward, and lead us, as God did Moses, to an eminence above the more sensual of our species, whence we may behold the land flowing with milk and honey. But there is much more left for poet to teach and man to learn. He must learn how his own efforts are ineffectual to attain the end, that aid must be sought from heaven, and that "Caleb's vintage" can never be reached without Caleb's faith. Add to the purifying influence of natural religion the power-giving atonement of him who is styled "the wisdom of God, and the power of God," and, like Joshua and Caleb, man not only sees but enters the promised land. Under the dispensation of natural religion the goal is seen, but it is through haze and mist and dim uncertainty, and the eventual attainment of it is at least doubtful. Throw in the Christian scheme in its pure integrity and bright spirituality, and all becomes clear. The clouds roll away, the mist disappears, and "the prize of our high calling" is full in view. The doubts of its attainment yield to faith in the promises of God, and the believer hastens on undoubting through tribulation and distress, through fire, famine, and sword. In disappointment he sees only the loss of things in which he has no permanent concern, in prosperity or adversity only one difficulty more or less between him and an object in the pursuit of which he has God for a helper, and in death he only sees the certainty of victory. Would that our poets, and Von Zedlitz among the rest, would learn to rest their faith upon higher grounds, and build upon a more firm foundation. Would that they left not the name and power of Christ to be confined to sermons and biblical comments, but interwove them with every thought and feeling of our nature. Then, indeed, would the mysterious dispensation of life be no more a mystery, and we should cease to wonder and despond because the wicked flourished like a green bay-tree. Then should we walk faithfully and untremblingly upon the waves of life, following him who walked before us. And at the conclusion of the short but eventful history, when the keepers of the house trembled, and those that looked out of the windows became dark, when the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken, the dying Christian would behold the heavens opened, and the goal, in the attainment of which he had spent his life, already within his grasp. It is this which should have been taught in the poem of which we have spoken, and this great opportunity the poet has needlessly lost. But we have gained much, although not all, and thankful should we be to see thus much done. We have no fears for the future, and we trust to see others following in the wake of our poet, with still more spirituality in their hearts, and still more faith to guide them on their glorious way.

LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

THE STORY OF THE TATAR CAMBUSCAN,

MODERNIZED FROM CHAUCER.

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
And of his wondrous horse of brass," &c.—MILTON.

I.—THE SQUIRE'S PROLOGUE.

Now, quoth mine host, God in his mercy keep
Me from such wife, or waking or in sleep!
Lo, now what cunning sleights, and subtleties
In women are: for busy ay as bees,
A mazy web, beside the truth, they weave,
Us silly men for ever to deceive.
This, by our merchant's tale, too well we feel;
Yet, ne'er the less, as true as any steel—
I have a wife—ay, poor, although she be;
But of her tongue, a blabbing shrew is she:
And yet of vices more she hath a heap—
But let that pass—the score's not worth the keep.
But guess ye ought? in counsel be it said,
Me rueth it full sore that we are wed:
For if of all her faults I make the list,
My worthy friends would think me fond, I wist:
Sith I do ween it would reported be
To her by some of this good company;—
Of whom, it, certes, needeth not to tell,
Since women's gossippings are known so well:
And eke my skill doth not to that height run
To set down all: wherefore my tale is done.

Sir Squire, draw near, and if it your will be,
And say, somewhat of love, for certes ye
Do know thereof as much as any man.
Nay, Sire, quoth he—but such thing as I can
Right heartily; for I would not rebel
'Gainst your desire: a tale then will I tell.
Hold me excused, if I speak amiss:
My will is good, and, for my tale, 'tis this.

II.—THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

At Surra dwelt a Tatar-prince, who had,
Like to a wolf, Muscovie worried;
Through which there died many a doughty man;
This noble king was named Cambuscan;*

* It will be perceived, that I have kept throughout Chaucer's own pronunciation of this name, in opposition to Milton's, adapted to his own measure: the rather because I think the *Can* to be the title—as Khan of Tartarie—thus Gengis Khan.

Than whom was none, in all the regions round,
 So excellent a lord, or so renown'd.
 He bore him like a prince in every thing,
 Nor lack'd he ought belongeth to a king.
 True to the sect in which he had been born,
 He kept the law to which he was ysworn.
 And therewith he was hardy, rich, and wise,
 Piteous and just, and ever to men's eyes
 The same: benign, and true, and honourable,
 His courage, as a center, firm and stable;
 Young, fresh, and strong, in arms adventurous he
 As any bachelor of his house might be.
 Of person fair he was—and fortunate,
 And kept alway so well his royal state,
 That there was nowhere such another man.

This noble king—this Tatar Cambuscan,
 Of sons had twain by Elfeta, his wife,
 Of whom the eldest was call'd Algarsife;
 The other he was named Camballo.
 A daughter had this worthy king also,—
 Who youngest was, the gentle Canace—
 Of all whose beauty (fair it was to me)
 My tongue no cunning hath its praise to sing,
 Nor dare I enterprize so high a thing;
 Albeit my English is too poor and scant—
 A practised rhetorician it doth want,
 Well skill'd in all the mastery of his art,
 But to describe of so great charms a part:
 I am not such—I must speak as I can.

Now it befel, that when this Cambuscan
 His crown had twenty winters borne, he through,
 As he was wont from year to year to do,
 His city bade the lusty heralds cry
 The solemn feast of his nativity.
 'Twas the last ide of March, following the year,
 Phœbus, the sun, full jolly was and clear,
 For he was to his exaltation nigh,
 In Mars his face, and in his mansion high
 In Aries, that cholerick hot sign;
 Full lusty was the weather and benign,
 At which the birds did turn to the bright sun,
 By the soft season and green leafing won,
 Brimful of gladsome and of grateful song,
 As they the shelter saw from winter's wrong.—
 Nor feared more his sword so keen and cold.

This Cambuscan, of whom I have you told,
 In royal vestments on his dais sate,
 With diadem full high in kingly state;
 And held his feast so rich and solemn there,
 That none the like thereof beheld elsewhere.

Of which, were I to tell you all th' array,
 The story would outwear a summer's day;
 In sooth, it needeth not thus to devise
 Of every course that past before their eyes.
 I will not tell of their strange cookerie—
 Nor of their swans, nor their young heronrie;
 (Eke in that land, as olden knights do say,
 Some meats be dainty that here go for nay):
 There's none may tell of all; and as 'tis *prime*,*
 To tarry were no fruit, but loss of time.
 So to my purpose I will have recourse.
 Now it befel that after the third course,
 When that this king, amid his gallant train
 Of nobles, listed to the minstrel's strain,
 Who at his board did play deliciously,
 In at the hall-door wide, full suddenly,
 There came a knight upon a steed of brass,
 And in his hand a mirror broad of glass;
 A ring of gold was on his thumb descried,
 A naked sword depended at his side:
 And up he rideth to the dais-board—
 In all the hall there was not spake one word
 For marvel of this knight: him to behold
 Full eagerly await both young and old.
 This stranger knight, whose sprite-like presence spread
 Amaze, all richly armed, save his head,
 Saluteth king and queen, and nobles all,
 In order as they sate them in the hall,
 With such observance and high reverence,
 As well in speech as by his countenance,
 Not Gawain with his ancient courtesie,
 Though he were come again from Faerie,
 Could have amended him. This having done,
 He afterwards, before the festal throne,
 (Following the form and fashion of his tongue),
 With manly voice, and free from hurt or wrong
 To word or syllable, his message spake;
 Which his brave bearing still did better make,
 As it doth hap with him that knows the wile
 Of artful speech: to climb so high a stile
 Fitteth not me—yet, for its bare intent,
 Take, in plain words, what thinketh me he meant.
 He said: the King of Ind' and Araby,
 My liege lord, on this high and solemn day,
 Saluteth you as best he can and may;
 And honouring your feast, doth by my hand,
 (That at your high 'hest here do ready stand,)
 Send you this steed of brass, that easily,
 And in a natural day, from peril free,

* Far gone in the morning.

Can bear your body to whatever place
 It listeth you, in twenty-four hours' space,
 Or be it foul or fair, or wet or dry :—
 Or would'st thou in the air, all eagle-high,
 Ascend, as when it liketh him to soar,
 This same steed then shall bear you evermore
 Withouten harm, till he have done your 'hest
 (Though you be sleeping on his back, or rest),
 Or change his course, with turning of a pin ;
 Who wrought it, ere he could this mastery win,
 Did many a constellation watch and wait ;
 And many a seal knew he, and bond of fate.

This mirror in my hand, too, hath such might,
 It bringeth all adversities to sight,
 Or to yourself or reign, and it will show
 (All openly) who is your friend or foe ;
 And, passing this, if any lady bright
 Have set her heart on any manner wight,
 If he be false, she shall his treason see—
 His new love, and his wicked subiltie ;
 So that no thought disloyal shall he hide :
 Wherefore, against this lusty summer-tide,
 This mirror and this ring I bear to thee,
 He hath sent to my Lady Canace,
 Your matchless daughter, that is present now.
 The virtues of this ring, if ye will know,
 Are these : that when it pleaseth her to wear
 It on her thumb, or in her purse to bear,
 There is no bird that fleeth under heaven,
 But to her understanding shall be given,
 To know his meaning openly and plain,
 And in his language answer him again.
 And she shall know each grass, and who 't will heal,
 How deep or wide his wound from foeman's steel.
 This naked sword, which hangeth by my side,
 Such virtue hath that none its stroke may bide,
 But whatsoever man its blade shall smite,
 Right through his armour it shall carve and bite,
 Were it as thick as is a branched oak ;
 And he that once is wounded by the stroke
 Shall ne'er be whole, untill you do him grace
 With the flat side to touch the wounded place ;
 No matter then how grievous, it will close—
 And this is very truth, and without glose :
 It faileth not while it is in your hold.

And when this knight his marv'lous tale hath told,
 He rideth out of hall, and down doth light :
 His steed, which as the sun shone dazzling bright,
 Standeth in court, as still as any stone.
 The knight is to his chamber led anon,
 And there (unarmed) adown to meat he sate ;
 Meantime the presents are brought in in state—

That is (the sword and mirror, I should say),
And to the great high tow'r are borne away,
By officers appointed thereunto,
To render to such gifts the honours due.
But unto Canace this wondrous ring,
Where sitteth she, they solemnly do bring.
But for the horse, good sooth ! I fable not—
They could not move him from the place one jot,
With all their engine-craft ; but there it stood
All fast and firm, as to the ground 'twere glued.
So they are fain to leave him there, untill
Sir Knight shall teach them of his cunning skill.
Great was the crowd that swarmed to and fro,
To gaze upon this horse that standeth so ;
For it as high was, and as broad and long—
Withal so well-proportioned, to be strong,
As it had been a steed of Lombardie :
Yet full of horsely grace, and quick of eye,
As though that it a gentle courser were
Of soft Apulia : for from tail to ear,
Nor help of nature nor of art did need
Him to amend : so all that saw agreed.
But evermore the greatest wonder was,
How it should go that was of molten brass.
Some people deem'd it was from Faerie ;
But divers folks they judged diversely.
Like to a swarm of bees their murmuring—
While many heads do many judgements bring.
Framing their thoughts to their own fantasies,
They conn'd them o'er the olden poesies ;
They said 'twas Pegasus with winged back,
Which some will have to be the Muses' hack ;
Or that Greek's horse that such destruction wrought
To Priam's house, and brought old Troy to nought,
As may we in those old adventures read.
My heart, quoth one, is evermore in dread ;
I trow some men of arms be hid therein,
That practise how this city they may win :
It were right well that we the truth did know,
Another, turning, spake his fellow low—
He lieth, for it is more like, I say,
Some shape of magic raised in juggler's play,
As is oft done at such great feasts as these.
Thus, jangling o'er their doubts, their minds they tease.
As happeth mostly with the unlearned rout,
When things more subtle than their brains fall out,
Lacking the wit, the right to comprehend,
They lean them gladly to the wronger end.
And some did wonder at the mirror's pow'r,
That was upcarried to the master-tow'r ;
How men such marvels in its face might see :
Another answering, said, this may right be

By nature of its form, and just direction
 Of angles, and the art of sly reflection :
 And, furthermore, in Rome was such an one.
 They speak of Alhazen and Vitellon,
 And Aristotle, all which in their lives
 Did write of mirrors quaint and prospectives,
 As they do know who in such books are stored.

And other folk they marvell'd at the sword,
 That nought could stay, but pierc'd thro' every thing ;
 And fell to speak of Telephus, the king,
 And of Achilles, and his spear, whose steel
 Had the rare virtue, or to hurt or heal.
 Of many such quaint weapons they averr'd,
 Of which right well you may yourselves have heard.
 They spake of metals and their properties—
 And of the pow'r that in their hard'ning lies ;
 And of the time when they should temper'd be—
 And how—which are clean quite unknown to me.
 This said they all, discoursing of the ring,
 There never had been such a wonder-thing
 In ring-craft seen, or heard of—never none,
 Since that Dan Moses, and King Solomon
 Got them a name of cunning in such art.
 Thus spake they, drawing them in groups apart,
 And some did say, that it their wits did pass,
 How of fern-ashes men should maken glass ;
 Sith nought like glass in ash of fern is seen :
 Yet, knowing well that fern it once hath been,
 Here is an end of jangling and of wonder.
 As men do moil their brains to account for thunder—
 Or mist, or gossamer ; or ebb and flow—
 And all things else, untill the cause they know :
 So they in wrangling judgements did devise,
 Until the king did from the board arise.

Phœbus hath half-way journey'd from the East,
 And yet ascending is the royal beast,
 *The gentle lion with his Aldrian,
 When that the Tatar-king, this Cambuscan,
 Rose from his table, where he sate full high—
 Before him goeth the loud minstrelsy ;
 Till, at the presence-chamber coming, there
 The instruments did make such joyous chere,
 That it was like a heaven itself to hear.
 Now dance the children of Love's lusty queen,
 As they of very love had maden been—
 For that their lady, with a look benign,
 In most auspicious star did sit and shine.
 This noble king now seated on his throne,
 The stranger knight is led to him full soon—
 And to the dance he go'th with Canace :
 Here be the revel and the jollitie,

* The constellation Leo, and a star in his neck.

That skilleth not a dull man to declare.
Love he must know, and his sweet service share—
Must be a feastly man, and fresh as May,
That would set forth to you this brave array.
For who could tell of the strange form of dances,
Or the succession of new countenances :—
The sly dissemblings, and the subtle looks,
Such as are only read in the eyes' books,
By jealous lovers ? none, but he that's dead—
*Launcelot :—wherefore I pass it by unsaid.
Thus then I leave them in this jolliness,
Till to the supper they themselves address.

Amidst this melody of sounds divine,
The stewards bade them haste the spice and wine,
The ushers and the squirerie being gone,
The spices and the wine came in anon.
They eat and drink, and having made an end,
(As duty calls) they to the temple wend ;
And, service done, they sup them all by day—
But, for the cheer, what serveth it to say ?
For well ye wot, that at a Prince's feast,
Is plenty—from the greatest to the least,
Beside the dainties that these banquets bring.
Now, supper done, forth fares this noble king
To see this horse of brass, with a whole rout
Of lords and ladies thronging him about.
Not since the siege of Troy, when that men stood,
In wondring guise, around a horse of wood,
Was ever known so busy wonderment,
As caused this horse of brass from far Ind' sent.
Then questioneth the king this trusty knight,
What be the courser's virtues, and his might :
And prayeth him to tell his *gouvernance*—
Anon this elvish horse 'gan trip and prance,
When that the knight did on the rein lay hand ;
Who answer'd thus the Tatar-king's demand :
When that to ride him, sire, you have a mind,
Just turn the pin, that in his ear you find,
(The which in secret 'twixt us two I'll show)
Naming to him the place were you would go—
Or to what country you would wish to ride ;
And when ye come where liketh you to bide,
Bid him descend, and turn another pin
(For all the mystery doth lie therein),
And he will light him down and do your will,
And in that place abiden him stone still ;
Though all the world contrariwise had sworne,
He shall not thence be drawn, nor yet be borne.

* Launcelot de Lake—one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Or if ye list to bid him to the moon,
 Writhe but the pin, and he shall vanish soon
 Beyond the strongest necromancer's sight,
 And come again, be it by day or night,
 When it so pleaseth you for him to call,
 After that manner I shall teach withal,
 Full speedily, what time we be alone :
 Ride when you list, there needs no more be done.
 Now when the king (instructed by the knight)
 Had in his mind conceived all aright,
 The form and manner how to do this thing,
 Full glad and blithe, this noble, doughty king
 Repaireth to his revel, as before.
 The bridle is to the high tow'r upbore,
 There to be kept 'mongst jewels prized and rare ;
 The horse, he vanished I know not where,
 Out of their sight—ye get no more of me,
 But that we leave in mirth and jollity
 This Cambuscan his lords a-banqueting,
 Until well nigh the day began to spring.

PARS SECUNDA.

Sleep, of digestion gentle nurse, began
 To wink on them, and bid them mind how man,
 After much drink and labour, needeth rest,
 And speaking with a gaping mouth them kest,—
 And said that it was time adown to lie ;
 For blood was in his principalitie.
 Cherish ye blood, quoth he, Nature's dear friend ;
 They thank him (gaping wide) and so an end,
 And every wight withdrew him to his nest,
 As sleep them bade—bethinking it were best.
 I shall not here their dreams confused disclose,
 From fuming brains that dim and shapeless rose.
 Long after prime most slept, save Canace ;
 She was of measured *mirth*, as women be,
 For of her father she had taken leave,
 To seek her couch, soon after it was eve :
 That on the morrow with unfaded cheek,
 All fresh and feastly, fitting maiden meek,
 She might appear. Then, sleeping her first sleep,
 With such a joy she wake, her heart did leap
 At thought of her rare mirror and strange ring—
 Full twenty times her fair cheek colouring,
 And in her sleep did such an image grave ;
 She of her mirror did a vision have.
 Wherefore or ere the sun 'gan upward glide,
 She wak'd her mistress that slept by her side,
 And said, " that it did please her then to rise."
 Now these old women, they be (gladly) wise ;

As was this governess, and answer'd so ;
Saying, " dear madam, whither would ye go
Thus early ? for the folk be all in rest."
" I care no more to sleep—'tis therefore best,
As pleaseth me, to rise and walk about,
(Quoth she) wherefore call of my maids a rout."
By ten or twelve they rise them presently—
And so among the rest rose Canace,
Ruddy and bright as the young beaming sun,
That in the ram but four degrees hath run ;
No higher was he, when in summer suit.
At easy pace, she goeth forth a-foot,
Lightly to sport her with her minionie—
So through a trench forth to the park goes she,
Ruddy and broad the sun look'd from the skies,
As he is wont when morning mists do rise ;
Nathless it was so beautiful a sight,
That it did glad their hearts with new delight—
Both for the season and the fair morning,
And eke for the sweet birds that she heard sing :
For well she wist what all these warblings meant,
Right by their song, and knew all their intent.

If that the reason why each tale is told
Be tarri'd, till desire thereof grow cold
In them that for it long have hearkened,
The savour passeth, and they 're sickened
For fulsomeness of the prolixitie—
And, by like reason, it bethinketh me,
That I should to this motive condescend,
And of her walking make a speedy end.

Beneath a tree, dust-dry, as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in her walk,
There sate a falcon o'er her head full high,
That with a piteous voice so 'gan to cry,
The wood throughout with her loud plaining rings,
While she herself so beateth with her wings,
That, pitiful to see, the crimson blood
Ran streaming down the tree, there, where she stood—
And ever and alway did cry and shriek,
The while her poor breast tearing with her beak,
That there no tiger is, nor cruel brute,
Which through the forest prowls with savage foot,
But would have wept, if such its nature were,
Her mournful sorrowings and loud shrieks to hear.
For there was never yet alive the wight
(That peerless falcon could describe aright)
Had of such plumage or such fairness heard,
Or gentillesse of shape, as had this bird :
And all so falconie her head she bore—
She seemed some unhappy wanderour

From foreign land ; and ever as she stood
She swooned oftentimes for loss of blood ;
Till she had well-nigh fallen from the tree.
This noble king's fair daughter, Canace,
Who on her finger wore this famous ring,
Thro' which she comprehended everything
That every fowl might in his *latin* say—
And could straight answer him in his own way,
Did understand the words this falcon cried—
At which for very ruth she well-nigh died.
Then to the tree she goeth hastily,
And on the poor bird looketh piteously,
And held her lap abroad—for well she wist,
When that she swooned next, she could not list
But fall from off the twig, for lack of strength.
Long while she stood awaiting her ; at length
With question soft she in this manner spake
Unto the hawk, which did for sorrow quake !
“ What is the cause, if that ye may it tell,
Why ye be in this raging pain of hell ? ”
Quoth Canace unto this hawk above—
“ Is this for dread of death, or loss of love ?
For, as I trow, these be the causes two
That work in gentle hearts the greatest rue.
Of other harm it needeth not to speak,
Which you yourself upon yourself do wreak ;
That proveth well, that either ire or drede,
Must be the occasion of your cruel deed ;
Since that I see none other doth you chace :
For love of God, who so hath shewn you grace,
Say what may be your help ! for west nor east
Saw never I (till now) nor bird nor beast,
That fareth with herself so piteously—
Ye ail me with your sorrow grievously !
Such pity to thee in my heart is grown ;
For God's love ! come then from the tree adown.
And, as I am a crown'd king's daughter true,
If that I verily the occasion knew
Of your discomfort, (an' 'twere in my might)
I would amend it ere that it be night ;
As nature's God, that keepeth every kind,
Shall help me, healing herbs enough to find
To work thy speedy cure.” Then fell anon,
With louder shriek, plumb down as any stone,
This hapless falcon on the cruel ground—
And there as dead she lay in a deep swoond.
But Canace her in her lap hath taken,
Until the time she from her swoon doth waken.
And when that life, like light on her did break,
In her hawk's tongue right sadly thus she spake :

" That pity floweth soon in gentle heart—
 (Feeling another self in sorrow's smart)
 Is proved every day, as men may see,
 As well by deed as by authority;
 For gentle heart aye showeth gentillesse :
 That ye compassion have on my distress,
 Appeareth tender maid, full openlie,
 Thou well of womanly benignitie !
 Which, like a shrined gem, that doth diffuse
 Its light abroad, *thou* dost for others use :
 You serve, in nature, but your own heart free—
 And do *her* bidding but to succour me.
 Even as the cub that kingly beast hath torn,
 So have my wrongs of baser birds been born,
 Wherefore while leisure serves, as best I may,
 My wrongs I'll tell, ere hence I pass away."
 And ever while that one her griefs did say—
 The other wept as she would well away ;
 Until the falcon bade her cease her wail,
 And with a sigh thus told her tristful tale :
 Where I was born, alas ! the hapless day !
 And foster'd in a rock of marble gray,
 So tenderly, that nothing ailed me,
 (I nothing wist what was adversitie)
 Till I could soar full lofty under sky.
 There dwelled then a *tercelet** me fast by,
 That of all gentleness the well did seem—
 Yet did with treason and all falseness teem.
 He was so wrapped up in humble wise,
 And did so well in hue of truth disguise ;
 As well in pleasure as in busy pain,
 No living wight might deem that he could feign.
 Thus under borrow'd feathers he embow'rs,
 Right as the serpent hideth under flow'rs,
 Till he may see the season for to bite—
 Right so this god of love's false hypocrite,
 With worship feigned and low obeisance,
 Doth serve him in the semblance, not the sense—
 That is unto the gentle ear of love,
 As to the tomb the heraldrie above,
 When under is the corpse—such as ye wot :
 Such was this hypocrite, both cold and hot ;
 And with this guile he served his intent,
 While, but the fiend, none wist of what he meant.
 Thus he so long had weeped and complain'd,
 And many a year his service to me feign'd,
 Till that my heart, too fond and pity-fraught,
 And of his crowned malice dreaming nought,

* A male falcon or eagle.

Upon his plighted oath and honour's tie—
And fearing, as it thought me, he should die,
I granted him my love, with this just claim,
That evermore my honour and good name,
In public as in private saved were—
Ah! what could silly falcon ask more fair?
Then, sooth to say, that after his desire,
(Nor knew I that he felt a baser fire,)
I gave him all my heart and thought, (God wot!
And he, who other's actions judgeth not,)
And took his heart in change of mine for ay:
But truth is said, and that sith many a day—
A true wight and a thief think not upon.
Now when he saw the thing was thus far gone,
That I had fully granted him my love,
In such a guise as I have said above,
And given him my own true heart, as free,
As he swore that he gave his heart to me;
Then did this tiger, full of doubleness,
Fall on his knees with so great humbleness—
With such high reverence, if that looks may speak,
So like a gentle lover that did seek,
His suit to win: so ravished for joy
He seem'd, not Jason, no, nor he of Troy—
Paris—nor certes, any other man,
Since Lamech was, that first of all began
To loven two, or writers are forsworn—
Nor never sith that the first man was born,
Could any, by the twenty thousandth part,
Approach the sophisms of his 'sembling art;
None was there ever fit to loose his shoe,
In double feigning him for to outdo.
None could so thank a maid as he did me;
His manner was a heaven for to see,
To any woman, were she ne'er so wise;
So well at all points wore he truth's disguise,
As well in words as in his countenance,
And I so loved him for his obeisance,
And for the truth I deemed in his heart,
That was there any thing might cause him smart,
An were it ne'er so small, and I it wist,
Methought a death-pang my fond heart did twist.
But, briefly, so far forth this feigning went,
That my will was but his will's instrument;
That is, my will did ever his obey
In every thing, as far as reason may;
Keeping the true bounds of my worship ever:
And there no pleasure was that I had liever
Than he, God wot, nor shall have evermore.
Thus fareth it a year or two before

That I supposed of him ought but good.
But, finally, thus at the last it stood,
That fortune will'd that he forthwith should wing
Out of the place of my first fostering.
Sad wo was mine, as is no question—
I cannot make of it description :
For one thing I dare speak it fearlessly—
That I do know the pain of death thereby ;
Such harm I felt. And there was no reprieve,
So on a day he took of me his leave,
So sorrowful, that I thought (verily)
That he had felt as mickle pain as I,
When that I heard his speech, and saw his hue ;
But, natheless, I believed he was so true,
And would so soon repair him, (truth to say,)
To cheeren me on rock of marble gray ;
And sith that reason was that he should go,
For his honor's sake, as oft it happeth so,
I made a virtue of necessitie,
And bore it well, since that it needs must be.
As best I might, I hid from him my sorrow,
And took him by the hand (St. John to borrow),
And said him thus : “ Lo I am your's through all—
Such now and ever have I been, and shall.”
His answer here it needeth not rehearse,
For who can better say—or who do worse ?
When he hath fairly *said*, then hath he done—
Wherefore behoveth him a full long spoon,
That would eat with a fiend, as crones do say.
So at the last the tercel went away,
And forth he fleeth where it likes him best ;
And when the season came folks think of rest,
I trow that text was upmost in his mind—
“ How every thing, repairing to his kind,
Gladdeth himself :” thus men do say, I guess,
Who love (of their own kind) new fangelness ;
As do these birds that men in cages feed ;
For though they every hour of 'em take heed,
And strew their cage as fair and soft as silk,
And give them sugar, honey, bread, and milk,
Yet right anon, if that his door be up,
Each with his foot will spurn him down his cup,
And to the woods he will, of worms to eat—
Thus ever fickle be they of their meat,
And seeking novelties, each to his kind.
No gentle blood this love of change can bind
Even so this tercel ; who, alack the day !
Though he was noble born, and fresh, and gay,
Of manners meek, and goodly for to see,
Yet on a time he saw a base kite flee,

And suddenly he loved this kite so,
 That all his former love of me did go.
 Thus has he fals'd his troth, for base bird sold,
 Who doth my love in her mean service hold.
 And I am 'lorn, undone past remedy!
 And with these words this falcon 'gan to cry,
 Swooning again in Canacea's lap.
 Great was the sorrow for that hawk's mishap,
 That Canace and all her women had;
 Nor wist they how they might her lone heart glad.
 But that sweet princess bore her right away,
 Soft in her lap, and on her breast did lay
 (Which she so frantically herself did tear)
 Such soothing plaisters as all ready were.

Now Canace she searcheth all around,
 And nought will do, but she must delve the ground
 For rare and precious herbs, and fair of hue,
 From which fresh balms to make, and ointments new,
 To heal this wounded hawk. From morn till night
 She doeth mercy's work with all her might.
 And eke a mew she made at her bed's head;
 With velvet blue it was all covered,
 In sign of truth, that is in woman seen;
 And all without the mew was painted green,
 On which depicted were all such false fowls,
 As be those titmice, tercelettes and owls;
 And chattering pies, their falsehood for to chide,
 Right for despite were painted them beside.

Thus leave I Canace, her hawk to keep,
 And of her ring I now no more will speak,
 Until it suit my purpose to explain,
 How this fair falcon got her love again,
 Repentant, as the story telleth us,
 By mediation of that Cambellus,
 The king's young son, of whom I have you told;
 But here I must my further progress hold,
 Adventures strange to tell and battles dire,
 That in past wonders shall leave nought t'admire.

First I will tell you of this Tatar-king,
 Stormer of cities past my numbering;
 And after will I speak of Algarsife,
 And how he Theodora won to wife;
 For whom thro' many a peril he did pass,
 That had he not but for the horse of brass.
 And last of Cambello, stalwart and true,
 That fought in lists with the stout brethren two,
 For Canace, or ere he might her win—
 And where I left, I will again begin.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S MONARCHIC REVELATIONS—WITH
SOME GENERAL REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF
GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It is now twenty years ago, since *Professor Arndt*, lately reinstalled into his office by the king of Prussia, published his work "Germany and the Revolution." These enigmatic words, pronounced by a man so worthy and upright, have lost nothing of their truth and pungency by the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century. Still, times have changed *somewhat*, and if the Sybille (inexorable in her claims and demands) had even at that period already thrown into the fire and burnt three of the prophetic and fatal books—three more have since shared the same fate; and we are fully aware, writing at the eleventh hour of day, that *Shuffling* is impossible any longer—the battle prepared for ages past must be fought; the battle between tyranny and freedom, absolutism and constitutionalism, thorough social corruption, and social reform and "*Regeneration*." These are the questions which meet us at every corner, which continually come forth in a thousand different forms and shapes; of which, in fine, every historical fact of the present age is but the exponent and representative. We would not go so far as to say, that the reasons for political and social regeneration are in Germany more urgent, than in any other civilized European country—still, they are as urgent there as any where else. If the English reader was acquainted with the fact, that in Austria (the head! of Germany) not even the label of a wine bottle can be printed without the permission of censorship—that a man may there, on the slightest political suspicion, be taken from the very side of his consort, in the midst of the night, at the mere appearing of a Commissaire de Police*—if the English reader were to consider all this, he would see, that our assertion was not uncalled for. The feeling of such and similar numberless wrongs is pervading the speeches and writings of those men, who have still courage to utter any complaints. M. de Rotteck said last year, in one of his memorable speeches in the lower house of the Baden Estates, "that Germany is in a state of siege (!), against which he, however, has scarcely the power to do more than protest."

This simile of Professor Rotteck is most pregnant and rich. Germany, encompassed and oppressed as it is by a most rigid censorship, by very severe encroachments upon the *right of association*, and by a system of *bribery* and intimidation, of which the annals of history do not present any counterpart—is in a state of siege to all intents and purposes. Under such circumstances help can only come from *without*; and the sincere and anxious friend of the besieged must search after every agency, by which to afford relief to his countrymen, placed under such desperate circumstances. It is under that impression, that we have taken up a book, published by Duke Charles of Brunswick—the sole monarch, whom the German potentates have *permitted* to be deprived of his crown, and in favour of whom that "fine word

* See Silvio Pellico; Andrynané's Memoires of the Spielberg etc. etc.

legitimacy" (for which torrents of blood have been shed) has not been applied and appealed to. In his work (*Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Souverain*, Paris, 1838), the duke has brought most severe charges against his fellow-monarchs, and it bestows upon this work some additional value, that a *souverain* appears here as the *accuser* of other sovereigns; and as it seems, moreover, that the duke was allowed to pass somewhat behind the grand political curtain, his *revelations* belong to the province of history. Even the outset of the duke's life, when he was a pupil of George IV., contains some interesting incidents, and affords scope for some curious remarks—and it is on this rare medley of monarchic circumstances, we intend first to fix the reader's attention.

If we were to find, even within the pale of private and humble life, a young man of only seventeen or eighteen years, implicated in a most violent quarrel with his uncle and tutor; if we were to see subsequently, that acts of unaccountable injustice and despotism are resorted to against the former—that finally his very paternal inheritance is taken away from him, without the most scrupulous observance of forms adequate to such bold and energetic proceedings—we should, I say, have no alternative but to suppose, that there must be something essentially and deeply *wrong* on *one* side, that, in fine, either the tutor or the pupil must be a man of the worst dye of character, and of a truly awful corruption of mind. Such would be the conclusion to which we should arrive, if we had to cope with circumstances merely private, if the case were one amongst individuals in a private or humble walk of life. But if the above strange, inexplicable, and violent proceedings have taken place amongst men of the highest rank of society—in a word, amongst sovereigns; if not merely a private patrimony (albeit of the highest value), but the possession of a whole land, of an extensive and opulent dukedom—if the ruling over a brave, loyal, and intelligent nation had been at stake—in this case, we say, the above supposition does not lose anything of its truth; but besides the perversion and criminality of *individuals*, a deep and almost incurable disease of *public* affairs may become revealed to us; and in the same manner, as the skilful diagnostist and physician may, from the appearance of one single symptom judge of, and declare the whole body to be in, a state of utter corruption, so in the present case, we may perhaps be able to show from one single instance, "that there is something rotten in the state of Germany."

To dilate upon the antiquity, historical signification, or the public merits of the house of Brunswick, does not fall within the province of our present task. But what sensible reader, far less what sensible German, can be indifferent about a land, in which (most probably) the possessions of Hermann, the Heruscer, were situated—a land also, where, on the Ihdtfeld (*campus idistavisus*) the battle of Drusus Germanicus was fought, whom Tiberius had sent to revenge the defeat of Varrus. It is at the foot of the sombre Solling, that the most sacred monuments of ancient German freedom and ancient German heroism are to be met with. Not only was the greatest part of the inhabitants of Brunswick Saxons (*Sassen*), but it was also a collateral line of the Saxon emperors, which first ruled this dukedom—a line, however, which

became extinct with Egbert II. in 1009. One of the most conspicuous characters of the middle ages was Heinrich der Löwe (Henry the Lion), who was continually annoyed and worried by the retrograde and absolutist party of *those* times—we mean the clergy. His sepulchre in the cathedral of Brunswick, is one of the most interesting monuments of German history, and no one seeing it, can but recollect those fine lines written about him by one of the first historians of our age. “Henry the Lion was a hero, courageous and brave, generous, incessantly active, but also obstinate, of a haughty demeanour, and impassioned; withal pious, but no hypocrite. He stands above his century by his unceasing endeavour to spread commerce, industry, *civic* prosperity and happiness, to patronize arts and sciences as far as he could. He never *succumbed* to a dire destiny, but fought it with persevering courage.” To descend from such a man, is certainly a title of nobility.

It was Otto (called the Child) who obtained for his allodial possessions the ducal dignity in 1238, and was the real founder of that house. Thus, for ages past, that sovereignty has been formed out of the allodial possessions of the Guelf-Este, and the lands of other dynasties. The allodia of the Billungen and Brunons, those of the Nordheims, Söpplingenburgs were the original stock. Thereto were added in the lapse of time, the patrimonies of the Counts of Kattelnburg, Sommerschenburg, Eberstein, Dassel, &c. And it is obvious, that the rights of *him*, who has to rule all these, are the more sacred, as they are based upon, and derived from so many different titles, all of which (even in a merely legal point of view) ought to have their full due.

Without entering into the detail of the lives of the Dukes of Brunswick of a more distant period, we have to mention *Ferdinand*, who was one of the most distinguished generals of Frederic the Great. Having taken subsequently the command of the English troops at the request of George II., it has not been forgotten, that the conqueror of Minden left his army not richer than he was when he took the command thereof—whilst Marechal Richelieu built palaces with the large perquisites he contrived to take hold of. Ferdinand having retired to Brunswick, became Grand Master of the Freemasons’ lodges of Germany, and devoted the remainder of his life to the ancient and royal art they profess—one, in fine, in which many of the democratic tendencies of our age have taken their concealed origin. More known still is *Charles William Ferdinand*, Duke of Brunswick Lüneburg. His preceptors were men like Jerusalem, Gaertner, Hirschman—and his very outset in the career of war gained him the admiration of Frederic the Great. He distinguished himself afterwards throughout the seven years’ war, especially at Crefeld, Forbach, &c. In 1770 and 1771, he was the companion of Frederic II. in his travels through part of his provinces. When Mirabeau saw him in 1786, he wrote about him the following memorable lines: “Sa figure annonce profondeur et finesse—il est prodigieusement laborieux, instruit, perspicace. Religieusement soumi a son metier (!) de Souverain &c. &c.” In 1787, he was placed at the head of the army of the Statthouder, and took Utrecht, the Hague, and even Amsterdam. Thus at the commencement of the war of the French Revolution, he found himself (we would say unfortunately, or

at least untowardly) the *first general of his age*. He became the leader of the famous campaign of 1792, which had been commented upon in a manner so sarcastic, yet true and sincere, by Goethe. The only real blame which could be attached to Charles William Ferdinand is the most famous manifesto, which—to use the words of Napoleon, uttered on another occasion—was not only a crime, but even a blunder. It belonged, however, to his grandson, to purge him entirely from this imputation.* We pass over his subsequent successes at Weissembourg and Kaiserslautern, and conclude this relation with alluding to the deadly wound he received on the fields of Auerstädt, and which in a great measure brought on the victory of Jena. But the bravery of Charles William found an immediate follower in his very son *Frederic William*, who after having made the memorable retreat from Bohemia to the Baltic, in 1809, died at Waterloo, at the head of his gallant corps.

We have thus dilated upon the merits of the Brunswicks as soldiers—nay as heroes :—but our readers may not be aware, that a great many of the members of this family were most conspicuous for their learning—nay, were authors even in ages, when authorship with sovereigns was something quite extraordinary and unheard of. We begin the array with *August Duke of Brunswick Lünebourg*, called the young (born 1579). Of him it is said, that “the well being of his citizens was the sole object of his cares !” He encouraged first the working of mines in his country, and possessed (in 1643) a library of 80,000 volumes—a number we should believe, scarcely exceeded by any library of those times. He was the first of the Brunswicks who devoted his leisure to literary occupations, and published his works under the name of *Gustaphus Selenus*. Amongst these is his Treatise on Chess ; Leipzig, 1616—and his *Cryptomenityces et Cryptographiæ &c.*, Lüneburg, in fol.—both which works are of value even at the present moment. *Ferdinand Albert*, Duke of Brunswick Lüneburg (born in 1636), spent great part of his life in learned travels ; he visited Italy and Sicily, where he ascended the Etna, and at his arrival in England, was received a Fellow of the Royal Society—an honour never before bestowed upon any member of a sovereign family. After his return to Germany, he published “*Aventures admirables*,” Part I., where he described the several countries of Europe which he had travelled over. Part II. contains “*The Miraculous and Divine things of the Old and New Testament*.” *Anton Ulrich*, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel

* Les émigrés François avoit demandé et obtenu du roi de Prusse, de lancer contre la France republicaine un manifeste capable a porter la terreur au sein de ses assemblées. Le roi et ces ministres persuadaient au Duc de Brunswick, qu'en sa qualité de generalissime c'étoit de lui, que devoit emaner cet act. Le Duc éprouva une vive repugnance a le faire, mais conciderant qu'il étoit de son devoir d'obeir aux ordres positifs du roi, il consentit a signer le brouillon. C'étoit un soir, qu'épuisé pas les fatigues, qu'il signa la copie mis au net, après l'avoir a peine parcourue des yeux, ne suspectant pas la “loyaute,” du roi. Cependant celui-ci, avoit ajouté au brouillon le fameux paragraphe, par lequel on faisait declarer au Duc, que si les Français ne consentaient pas a mettre bas les armes, et a recevoir leurs roi Louis XVI., il ferait brûler Paris, et executer a mort un homme sur dix de la population. Le Duc, a la publication du manifeste, s'ayant aperçu qu'on avoit ajouté cet paragraphe, offroit sa demission au roi—mais celui-ci se humilia tellement devant le Duc etc.—“Charles D'Este, ou Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Souverain,” p. 5.

(born in 1633), published "*Aramine Princess de Syrie*," a novel taken from the history of the patriarchs, and "*Octavie*," which is a Roman history, but contains many interesting and secret revelations of the history of his times.* Such acquirements possessed by one single family could not have resulted but from deep and well-calculated agencies; and even in those times the family of the Brunswicks had become memorable amongst the sovereign houses of Germany, and remained so, for the superior education which these princes were in the habit of receiving. *Frederic August*, Duc of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel-Oels., Member of the Royal Academy of Berlin, translated into Italian the "*Considerations sur la Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*" of Montesquieu—a translation highly spoken of by Denina. His brother, *William Adolph* (also a Berlin Academician), translated "*Salust*," and wrote a "*Discours sur la Guerre*," praised even by Frederic the Great.

Thus we see, that the house of Brunswick had all along identified itself with the popular and democratic interests of Germany, placing itself in the ranks of, and associating with the learned of the land—a line of procedure quite at variance, nay in opposition with that *proclamation*, as it were, of the head of absolutism and tyranny, we mean Francis I. of Austria, who said on a public occasion, to a body of professors of a university, that he did not want *learned* men, but obedient subjects.† When, therefore, in our subsequent pleading for the descendant, nay the chief of such a house, we might be induced to appeal to the sentiments of the age, we shall be able to appeal also to the democracy of the learned (*respublica literaria*), convinced as we are in advance, that they will sympathize with a man and prince, the ancestors of which have not disdained (in an age comparatively sullen and dark) to seek for the honour of literary laurels.

But even after these many deserving men of the House of Brunswick, we cannot forbear mentioning one, who accomplished a deed, which, if we shall state our sincere belief, has none to match it, at least in modern history. This was *Leopold (Maximilian Julius)* of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel. He also was brought up with particular care by the Abbé Jerusalem, and travelled in Italy under the direction of Lessing. Having become a general and governor of Frankfort on the Oder, he fixed his residence in that place, which "was a great blessing for its inhabitants. Leopold employed his time in visiting the sick, the poor, and spared no exertion to have them relieved. He ascended the garrets of houses, and did not disdain to enter the most gloomy recesses of poverty. He established a school for the children of his regiment, and had them instructed in trades." We have the more eagerly cited this passage, as it is from the pen of such a writer as M. Guizot. (*Biog. Univ.*) But the most deserving fact comes yet to be related. Frankfort had been already preserved, in 1780, from a dread inundation by the cares of Leopold. But unfortunately, another accident of the same kind occurred again in 1785. The same exertions were displayed on the part of the prince. Much had been thus achieved, when two persons were yet seen struggling amongst the infuriated

* About his placid death, l'Abbé de Bucquoy has published a little piece, called "*La Force d'Esprit, ou la belle Mort &c.*"

† At Laybach, shortly after the famous congress of 1821.

waves. All looked on, but no one could or dared to help. Under such circumstances, Leopold arrived. Having his hands full of gold, he exhorted the people to follow him in a small boat. Two boatmen were found, the two unfortunate men were saved; every one anticipated with joy the prince's success. When lo! sufferers and relievers were swallowed up by the same wave. So ended the pupil of Jerusalem, of Lessing—worthy of them, still more worthy of himself. There were princes who have sacrificed gold, and other men who have sacrificed their lives; but to sacrifice life, where gold might be considered sufficient, belonged to Leopold of Brunswick.

But it is even high time to approach our immediate task closer and closer; and as it is his education of which the Duke Charles of Brunswick complains in the first instance, it is this subject we have to broach first. After what we have said about the education customary for centuries amongst the Brunswick family, it is pretty clear, that Duke Charles had certainly a right to one of the same kind, and that the duke, as the son and the grandson of men, who had devoted their very lives for the public cause, had a claim to every consideration possible. But for the sake of thoroughly understanding the strange and subsequently inimical behaviour of George IV. towards his young nephew and pupil, it will be necessary to revert to the juvenile years of the king himself, and to inquire whether the accidents of his own life when young, will not afford us a clue for judging of his behaviour towards others—whether, in fact, the hoary old sovereign did not want to *preserve* his pupil from those dangers and snares, in which he was himself near to fall. This certainly, if it could be proved, would be an apology for that sovereign, which, as well in his private as public capacity, he is much in need of. We must begin the strain of our present argument with the rather strange and extraordinary remark and belief of ours, that almost all princes are *born* with unusual and extraordinary talents—talents which go on increasing and improving, until the clumsy or guilty hand of a perverted education interferes. It would lead us too far to substantiate this assertion in detail, and we state merely the salutary and beneficial external circumstances under which the *great*, and still more the greatest are placed from their very birth; and how is it possible that these beneficial circumstances should not bring forth minds pure and sublime? But salutary and beneficial circumstances, and subsequent court cabals, and underhand tricks, and double shuffle, and clandestine views, are very different things.

In a word, seeing the lively, promising, exuberant disposition of Duke Charles, George the Fourth found perhaps his own counterpart of earlier years, and his aim was to crush those qualities in Charles, as they had been crushed or tamed down in him—finally, to preserve the Duke from all those deleterious accidents, in which he himself had nearly been entangled. But we must go still deeper, in fact who can go deep enough in grappling with such a character as that of George IV.? He certainly was *not* the pattern of a monarch. But what the world may call the faults of his education, appeared never such to *him*.*

* The great defect of the plan of the royal education seems to have been a want of attention to make the prince acquainted with actual life. It was conducted with so

Austerity and slavishness had been enforced on him, and such were also the agents to be used with Duke Charles; because George the Fourth had become convinced, that all the education necessary for a young sovereign, is to make him cunning enough to *preserve* and *enjoy* his power to the last—*après moi le déluge*—if it so pleases God. But whilst the education of Duke Charles had to be to a certain extent the perfect antitype of the king's own, it had to guard George the Fourth from the unpleasantness into which he (when Prince Regent) had placed his father, namely, of his nigh becoming a liberal.* And, finally, there is one point to be mentioned, in which the perverse views of George the Fourth touched on the ground of morality and righteousness, it being (as it seems) impossible, that even *much* bad can be attempted without some admixture of the good. George the Fourth wanted, perhaps, to guard his pupil from those snares of deep profligacy† and debauchery, into which he fell, disgraceful to human kind, loathsome and fraught with evil for himself.

But this whole affair teems with wrongs and irregularities to such an extent, that (obliged as we are to be brief) we can not always adhere strictly to the sequence of chronology. The father of Duke Charles had deposited a will at London, dated 16th of July, 1812, in which he bequeathed the tutorship over his son and the *regency* of *his country* to the Margravine of Baden, his mother in law, and after her demise, to a brother of his, Duke Augustus of Brunswick. This settlement George the Fourth kept back, and arrogated to himself (by letters patent of the 18th July, 1815) the tutorship over the young prince, and the government of the dukedom, which Count Münster exercised through M. Schmidt Phiseldeck, a creature of his own. This arbitrary act (not protested against by any power) left George the Fourth free hands to do whatever he liked, and the first act subsequent to it was to remove Mr. Thomas Prince, an English clergyman, who had been hitherto the private tutor of the two princes. Mr. Prince seems to have been one of those mild, gentlemanly, and judicious men, who are not unfrequently met with amongst the English clergy, and the regrets of Duke Charles at the loss of this friend of his are creditable to his feelings. Mr. Prince died at Bedlam, where he had been confined by orders of

much austerity, with so little regard to the valuable principles of practical life, that the moment of His Royal Highness's emancipation was that of a prisoner released from confinement.—*Hewish's Memoirs of George IV.* (p. 25).

* Misunderstandings which took place between the then sovereign and the heir apparent. The early friends of the prince were in avowed opposition to His Majesty's government, and they soon infused (!) their hatred of ministers and their jealousy (!) of the king into the mind of the prince. On political grounds alone the king had reason to be incensed at their influence, &c.

“I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence (*how base!*) of the people, and their cause I will never forsake as long as I live.”—*First speech of George the Fourth in the House of Lords.*

† On his release from the controul of tutors and governors, a number of persons of a perfectly opposite character were waiting to celebrate his freedom. Among them, the nation must ever lament, were certain —, much more ready to corrupt his morals than —.

“D—n Sherry, (meaning Sheridan), and I must hang—hang—Hanger, for they will break my heart, and ruin the hopes of my country,” said George the Third; and certainly no monarch and father could have spoken more feelingly, at least in his way.

King George. Mr. Eigner, and subsequently Baron Linsingen, were nominated the duke's tutors, and certainly, if hitherto true revelations concerning the education of sovereigns had been wanting, Duke Charles has supplied this desideratum in a most complete manner. The following scanty extracts will explain the proceedings of these two tutor-footmen :

"I shall punish you," was one of the favourite expressions of Linsingen.

At the age of eighteen, the young prince was not allowed to pass from one room to another, or to take a walk in the garden, without the express authorization of his gaolers, and without being constantly accompanied by one of them.

They shut him up in his apartment, where they sometimes kept him two days without food.

Linsingen took the greatest care, lest any newspaper or historical book should fall into the hands of his pupil.

Linsingen took great pleasure in always bringing the fate of Mr. Prince before the recollection of his pupil. "Mr. Prince," would he say, "was as little mad as you, and he died, notwithstanding, in a complete state of madness(!), in consequence of the impressions which his daily contact with the furious madmen of Bedlam produced upon his lively imagination. And if circumstances require it, care will be taken to provide similar company for your highness.*" This menace he repeated often and often, and whenever at home or abroad an opportunity presented itself, he conducted the young duke into madhouses.

The fact, that these two tutor-footmen occupied, in travelling, always the best apartments, and the best places in the carriages, &c., with other similar mean and base proceedings, as well as other acts of blackguardism and cruelty against the duke, the reader will find amply detailed in the work alluded to (*Vide p. 39, et seq.*)

It is natural to ask, why the relations of Duke Charles did not interfere with, and protest against such a low and degrading behaviour of the two tutors? But the sovereigns (?) of Germany were, in 1820, already so much tamed down, that they knew, that remonstrating against anything emanating from one or more of the great powers (!), was unbecoming in them, uncourteous, and still more, dangerous. The king of Naples, summoned before the Congress of Verona, showed them the ticklishness of their own position, and whatever had been ever approved of by Metternich, they knew was altogether beyond their reach. Things had even at that early period succeeding the Congress of Vienna, come to that pitch, that the five great monarchs had already usurped and absorbed all the power and sovereignty of the smaller ones; and it was quite clear, that the arbitrariness which Francis I. (or rather Metternich) allowed George IV. to exercise over and in Brunswick, he might have claimed in his turn against some of the petty princes of Italy. *Hanc veniam damus etc.*

Although Prince Charles had been educated from his fifth up to his tenth year in England, this was then a matter of absolute necessity.

* This seems altogether the *genre* of absolutist princely education. Ferdinand I. of Austria had similar fates, and Francis II. said once to young Napoleon, "Your father is shut up, and if you behave ill, you will be shut up just the same."

But that this continued ever afterwards was a great political mistake, and certainly one of the chief reasons (although yet not taken notice of) which led to the subsequent discomfitures of the young duke. He became not only altogether estranged and foreign to the eyes and minds of his people (speaking sentimentally and feelingly), but when he finally came to Brunswick as a monarch, he was a stranger to its laws and constitution, to the whole practical machinery of its government; he was moreover a stranger to, and unconnected with the whole persone of the government officers, nobility and gentry—in a word, he came to occupy a large house, to rule over an extensive household, without being acquainted either with the locality of the former, or the habits, temper, talents, and sentiments of the latter. This certainly would have been most difficult for any one, having received the best private, and even a general good political education, and how much more for a pupil of such nonentities as Linsingen and Eigner. Still, it was obvious even at that early period, that the endeavours of tutors, ministers, and great chamberlains, might be at once frustrated; that the talents of Duke Charles would not be subdued, and that if he ever were to *understand* his position, he might, like the hero of Sophocles (*Œdipus*) accomplish in another way that very vocation and destiny, from which his kind relative and menials would keep him aloof. Pitying, as every sensible mind must, the duke, after having passed a number of years in slavish subjection—still, there is one redeeming light cast over this sad scene, and this is the constant love he bore to his younger brother. This even might have convinced his gaolers, that they had not succeeded in their task, because a low and corrupted mind could never have been capable of any real (even merely fraternal) attachment under such circumstances.

But we pass over the mere youthful years of the duke, and approach the epoch when he had attained his majority, and was to assume the reign of his dominions. This majority was fixed by family statutes and precedent, at the age of eighteen years. But Duke Charles had heard it so often objected to, and doubted by his tutors, that it is easy to believe that he began to think how to obtain his rights in due time. It was about the year 1820 that (advised by the Margravine of Baden, his grandmother,) he asked from Count Alvansleben, the principal minister of Brunswick, for a copy of his father's testament, but he received only an unsatisfactory and scanty *extract*. Thus the conduct of George IV. (since it was to him, that every thing of the kind was referred) was illegal in every instance; the withholding of the will of a father from a full-grown son, would be considered actionable even in humble life. But the clouds seemed to thicken around the king, and the misfortunes and agonies which he brought upon a great man at a distant island, recoiled as it were upon his own head. We would not have had occasion to mention the death of Queen Caroline, if it had not materially affected and impaired the circumstances of the young duke. And looking over the pages of the "*Trente Ans de la Vie*," we find a tissue of intrigues (relating to Duke Charles and others) which appear, if true, to place George IV. in a somewhat more than unfavourable light.

The work of Duke Charles does not contain a word from which it could be inferred, that at any period whatever, a friendly feeling had existed between King George and him. The numerous occurrences before alluded to, must have increased considerably this distance between the two personages; but at the period of the congress of Verona, the duke had two plans before him, by which to arrange his differences with the king. The latter had written him an official note, 25th January, 1822, in which he states: "The theory, that in the ducal line of our house, the age of eighteen years ought to be considered as the end of minority, does not seem to be in accordance with family conventions and the German law. — As I, however, wish to assign to your minority the shortest time usual in the princely houses of Germany, I fix this to the completion of twenty-one years." Previous to this, the King of Prussia had, in a most straightforward manner, advised the duke to address himself to the congress of Verona—an opinion, which was also shared by the Emperor of Russia, who declared to the duke in a personal interview, that he would interest himself for him, if he were to ask him officially to do so.

But at this stage of the proceedings, we come to an intricacy of affairs, which even the duke has not entered into, nor cleared up in his memoirs—perhaps, because he was not aware of them. That the young duke was considered a lively, original, fearless character; that he had been reported such to his royal uncle and tutor, there can be no doubt; proof positive is afforded thereof throughout the memoirs. But this was not the sort of princes the Holy Alliance wished for, far less that secret conclave of the Holy Alliance, of which Metternich, Castlereagh, Münster, and, perhaps, (as a sleeping partner) George IV. were the leading members. Goethe, in his travels through Italy, says that looking at a certain convent, he thought that "this was the place where friars' heads are coined and timbered in a certain way." Such a place was, and is still Vienna. Vide the Duke of Reichstadt, Duke of Vasa, Don Miguel (!!), Duke de Bourdeaux. It was in this hotbed of absolutism and sullen tyranny, that poor Duke Charles was now to be placed—and if his highness wishes to be candid, he must confess that it was *in Vienna*, where his affairs took a decidedly wrong turn, that it was *in Vienna*, where his present untoward position really originated. King George, in a letter, had previously enjoined his ward to go to Vienna, and to wait (!) on M. de Metternich, (mark well, not on the emperor), "for, you will learn from M. de Metternich, how you must govern to be adored and blessed by your people." The duke also says very naively, that the emperor did not *speak* to him on his affairs at Tegernsee, and his highness seems, therefore, never to have been aware, that he had to do with a perfect automaton, who could not *say* any thing, but those low, common-place Vienna puns, which he learnt when brought up amongst grooms and chambermaids. The King of Bavaria had moreover said to Duke Charles, "that the Emperor Francis had *entirely left* it with M. de Metternich to decide the question of the majority," p. 71. The pen drops from our hand in writing this libel on German sovereigns. Napoleon certainly ruled them—but it was himself who did it, and

he never left it entirely to M. Champaigny or Talleyrand—men, infinitely more talented and honest (albeit not so cunning and deep), as the Austrian diplomatist.

On the arrival of the duke at Vienna, his life had nearly been trifled away by the voluntary negligence (if we may call it so) of this low menial, Eigner. The duke being at a ball, where he had danced much, and his hat having been exchanged, he—with a truly Brunswick *étourderie*, went away with his head uncovered, and the clever and conscientious tutor, instead of remedying this in some way or other, forced the poor lad to keep the windows of the carriage open. It being the depth of winter, and the duke sweating profusely, what might have been expected occurred; he was brought near his grave. Such were these men; the same at Vienna and at St. Helena. Well might Napoleon exclaim on his death-bed, “Je legue l’ignominie de ma mort à la maison régnante d’Angleterre!”

How could Duke Charles expect, that Metternich would assist him powerfully against the runaway Schmidt Phiseldeck—as in the very first conversation they had together, the Austrian minister was surrounded by runaways and ancient commissaries of police, viz. M. Gentz, (a Prussian) who, after he had addressed Frederick William III. as an advocate of the liberty of the press, penned twenty years afterwards the famous *ordinances* of Carlsbad. Another witness of that conversation was M. de Münch Bellinghausen, who began his career as commissary of police in Austrian Galicia, and is now dictating laws as President of the German Diet.

But we turn from this more especial case to the major one, that in one of the first interviews which the duke had with the Austrian statesman, this latter guarded him “against demagogues, and other liberal tendencies of the age.”* It is astonishing, to hear the (we are sure candid) assertion of the duke, that his tutors had so successfully kept him aloof from the above “*corruptions*” of the age, that at the time Metternich broached these matters to him, the duke did not even know what these words meant. The whole *empressement*, which the Austrian minister showed the duke was (we are convinced), merely for the sake of winning *one more friend and auxiliary* in the subjugation and enslavement of Germany—we would say of Europe. It is by such clever and *most minute* attention to his views, and by the constant persevering therein for the last thirty years; it is by leaving no stone unmoved—be it in Brunswick, or in Lisbon, in the Brazils or in Bavaria—it is by such means, we repeat, that Metternich has accomplished the task of holding Europe now for so many years in his fetters, and has brought mankind to a state, which, if we look

* “La raison principale que le roi, votre tuteur objecte, et la seule, si elle était fondée, que je pourrais excuser, c’est la crainte de voir son neveu, si jeune encore, se laisser séduire par les idées libérales du siècle, suivant l’exemple de son cousin germain, le roi de Wurtemberg. Rien, disait-il, ne serait plus désastreux et plus à redouter que, si, par suite des différens survenus entre vous et votre oncle, votre nom devenait un point de ralliement pour les démagogues allemands, qui ne demanderaient pas mieux que de se servir du nom d’un souverain, et de la maison de Brunswick surtout, pour leurs sinistres desseins. Ne vous lancez donc point dans cette voie.”—*Trente Ans de la Vie d’un Souverain*, p. 84.

back at the *promises of princes*, and the *aspects* of the years 1814 to 1819, must astound any reflecting and sincere mind.

Still the duke obtained his throne and his majority sooner than could be anticipated, and it was Prince Metternich who powerfully and chiefly assisted him. But the conditions which were then imposed by the Austrian statesman upon the duke, and which he was *young* enough to accept, compelled, perhaps, moreover, by the strain of circumstances, are so characteristic of the man who imposed them, that we insert a *verbatim* translation of Metternich's words from the duke's work.* "For the sake of perfectly answering my intentions on that account—intentions, which are altogether to your advantage—you must, on arriving at Brunswick, leave all in the state as you have found it."—"It is necessary to the interest of your future prospects, that you must learn to shut your eyes as long as possible."—"I do not demand this abnegation of yourself, this sacrifice of which I feel all the merit, for more than three years" (!!!) Metternich has been said all along to be the protector of the monarchic principle and of monarchs; and certainly, it is easy to *protect* things, which had been brought down so *low*.

Has it been ever recorded in history, that a man (like Duke Charles in the present instance), should have possessed sovereign rights, should have issued prescripts, and decrees; in fact, should have exercised all the ponderous rights and *duties* of a monarch; whilst in the meantime, he had pledged himself (as the duke had done) to the most absolute inertness—to leave, in fine, every thing for three years in the very same state he had found it. And this pledge has not been even demanded by another monarch (although not a jot more reprehensible then), but by a subject and servant, who in the very same conversation said; "Je (!) nomme des aujourd' hui le Comte Spiegel de Diesenberg, Envoyé Extraordinaire, et Ministre Plenipotentiaire de l'Empereur a votre cour." (p. 87.)

The effects of this unworthy chaining and shackling a monarch, could not fail of manifesting itself at the very arrival of the duke, and during his whole stay at Brunswick, and a chapter of the "Trente Ans d'un Souverain," bears the ominous inscription, "Le duc enchaîné par les promesses faites à M. de Metternich." The following explanation of the position of a sovereign of *old Germany*, is too interesting to be passed over in silence. "The resolution which the duke had imposed on himself to abstain during three years (!), from every decision in the privy council, if he had not in his favour the majority of votes, submitted him often to hard trials."—"The duke would often repent inwardly the promise he had made at Vienna, but he considered himself bound in honour towards M. Metternich. However, it is a cruel position to see things bad, without being able to remedy them," (pp. 98 and 109). We sympathize with the position of the duke (then nineteen years old), but still more with that of a people, which

* If any thing is clear in the work alluded to, it is the faithful memory of the author. No minute occurrence whatever is omitted, and it is the more to be supposed, that such conversations as the above, are repeated with the greatest accuracy. Besides, the author says expressly, that this conversation is given "after most exact documents."

was ruled by a sovereign shackled by a foreign subject. We hasten to a conclusion, and pass over all the subsequent fates of the duke, his *rencontre* with the Brunswick and Hanoverian aristocracy; his pamphlet war with his late tutor George IV.—ominous circumstances, which lasted as long as that wily monarch lived.

Thus at issue, first with the nobles of his land and the king, then even with the Diet—in fact, with every one around him, some friendly and conciliatory offers were made at the coming of William IV. to the throne of England. But it was now too late. The very night (sixth September, 1830), when the duke had quitted Brunswick for London, his palace was burnt down; a provisional government was established; and the Diet asked his brother Duke William to take the reins of the State—which he has kept up to the present date.

We come now to an act of Duke Charles, by which he has connected himself with the most popular demands of the present times. The declaration of Ellerich (printed in Frankfort) guarantees to the Brunswick people:—

1. Universal suffrage.
2. Abolition of hereditary nobility, and all other feudal rights.
3. Justice to be administered in the name of the law, and no more in that of the sovereign.
4. The right of every citizen of Brunswick to oppose force to any act which is not legal.
5. One sole house of legislature.
6. The abolition of slavery and tithes.
7. Introduction of new national colours, as the symbol of freedom.
8. Abolition of all direct imposts.
9. Institution of a national jury.
10. Abolition of the conscription.
11. Absolute freedom of instruction.
12. The municipal and departmental institutions surrendered into the hands of the people itself, which alone would have the right of electing its magistrates, prefects, and other municipal functionaries, for the maintenance of which, however, it has to provide.

We draw breath, as it were, after having *written* down so many *fine things*, but cannot abstain stating some of our observations thereon. Men are continually searching for *new* formulas to express that which, however, is but one and the *same potency*. The English charter, for instance, is but another (and we would say a *concise*) wording of what the Radical Reformers sought after, *fifty years ago*. Such equally were the constitutions of the Cortes of Cadiz, and the wishes of the present Junta nacional, the Neapolitan constitution of 1820, the Polish of 1831 &c. Words enough have been spoken; deeds are required to accomplish the consummation of a *NEW CYCLUS* in history—a *cyclus*, the arrival of which has been acknowledged, and often powerfully (yet always discreetly) broached by the Monthly Magazine under its present colours.

We revert to the author of the proclamations of Ellerich. The decision about the duke's affairs had been all along *left* by the Emperor of Austria (and therefore by all German monarchs) to M. de Metternich; it was *that* minister who emasculated (if we may use the term) the

duke politically for three years; it was M. Handel, the Austrian resident at Frankfort, who signed the decree, which finally *proscribed* the duke from his land, showing throughout, that with Austria (the head of Germany) to be a *liberal*, or incurring the mere apprehension of becoming a liberal, is an offence unpardonable even in a sovereign. Still, the *word* has been spoken, Duke Charles of Brunswick (a German sovereign) has issued the declarations of Ellerich. Coming events cast their shadows before, and slight beginnings have often in history engendered great results. Young as the duke is, in the enjoyment of an adequate fortune, he may be called upon to play a part in the *Regeneration* of the nations of Germany. It appertains to him to make himself worthy of so high a mission!

P. S. Since the above has been written, a *second* treaty of Pilnitz has been entered into against France—even as it is, too liberal for the absolutist powers. No Brunswick will *this* time lead the invading legions—yet Providence may perhaps provide another Dumouriez, and the *Revolution* (as Napoleon prophesied) yet embrace the civilized world, not excluding the nations of Germany, esteemed abroad, slaves within their land—nay, their very houses. *Alea jacta est.*

* * * NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In permitting insertion to the above communication from a Foreign Correspondent, we feel that we are departing from our ordinary rules, and that the reader should be cautioned on the tone of the article in many places. But as we took the initiative in the *Chartist Epic of Ernest*, wherein we were followed by the *Quarterly Review*—we are still desirous of being in advance of other publications in announcing any new and important movement in political opinion. The catholic policy that we advocate, indeed, regards both extremes of political feeling. We therefore deem it our duty to hear both sides. What is to be said here on the other? Will some correspondent answer? Our task will be confined to synthesizing both, by referring each to the same law. What our present correspondent says of a New Cyclis now eliminating is true.—We but anticipate an avowal which will ere long become general. Whoso is wise, will make ready for serious changes. But who are the wise? Has England now any philosophers? Our aim is to give her a philosophy—and it shall be given. With the first number of the new year, the consideration of this momentous argument will be commenced in earnest. The MONTHLY MAGAZINE will then take at once the position that it has lately claimed.

POETRY AND PROSE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I.—NAY, DO NOT WEEP IN SORROW NOW.

NAY, do not weep in sorrow now

The time for tears is past;

'Tis gracious to my soul that thou

Hast seen me shed my last—

For I have feared, through lingering years
Of agony unguessed,
That I should weep my final tears
By thee unmourned—unblest !
Then oh ! forbear the anguish'd tear,
That dims thy pensive eye ;
It makes this world again too dear,
It holds me from the sky,
The world—I have so long abhorred,
The sky—so oft desired ;
Now ! with thy early love restored :
Life's love is re-inspired !
Forgive ! it looks like taunting thee,
Reverting to past pain,
Yet, mindful of that misery,
I would not live again ;
For were I in my primal bloom,
Thou might'st nor weep, nor pray ;
'Tis but because th' insatiate tomb
Now snatches me away :
And thou beholdest, all too late,
Death's hand upon my brow ;
That thou deplor'st my timeless fate,
And wouldst avert it now.
The arrow's sped—I must obey,
Hush ! that last pray'r of thine,
As my freed spirit soars away,
I'll bear to realms divine.
There ! will I only tell thy love,
Thy faith of youthful days ;
That the celestial courts above
Shall echo with thy praise !
I'll be thy intercessor there,
That when thou com'st to die,
Thou'lt feel assurance, saints prepare
Thy welcome to the sky,
For if it's dear on earth to know
We're loved by those we love ;
Oh ! far beyond all joy below
Is that blest truth above !
The mightiest amount of bliss
Of long impassion'd life ;
Is all concentrated in this
Last hour of nature's strife.
Yes ! on the tomb's eternal brink,
When mocking were a crime,
Thou'st bound me to thee by a link
Inseparable from time.
The union of expiring hearts,
Love's signet, by Death set ;
That as my wedded soul departs,
It dares thee to forget !

II.—ON VIRTUE.

“ Then, to be good is to be happy : angels
 Are happier than mankind, because they 're better.
 Guilt is the source of sorrow : 'tis the fiend,
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
 With whips and stings. The blest know none of this ;
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
 And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.”

ROWE'S FAIR PENITENT.

To be enabled fully to understand and appreciate the charms of retirement, it will have been necessary to have had such previous knowledge of the world as to have acquired a settled and rooted disgust for its follies and dissipations. So, in like manner, to really comprehend “ the beauty and holiness of virtue,” man must (either from his own experience, or from having witnessed the remorseful contrition of others) have learnt a timely horror and detestation of the “ deformity of vice ;” as everything is felt the most forcibly by contrast. And happy indeed is the youth, who, thus forewarned, can early entertain a contempt and dread of those alluring pleasures which inevitably conduct to destruction, and whose transient gratification must be paid by long and bitter repentance. For, let the thoughtless and unwary be ever so incredulous as to the result of unlawful indulgences, it is infallibly the same to all. Some may have more skill in disguising their sufferings from the eye of their fellow-creatures, and with a reckless desperation affect to continue a joyous career in crime, but God, “ who is not mocked, and who knoweth the heart, knoweth its bitterness too !” Pain of body, anguish of mind, a palled and satiated appetite for every rational enjoyment, and a conscience, whose reproaches are a perpetual torment, is the sure portion of the votary of vice and folly : whereas, the fervent and sincere pursuit after virtue, begets a keener relish for every innocent delight, mitigates the asperity of temper, awakens charity and amenity of feeling, diffusing a calm serenity over the mind, and lending its invigorating influence even to the body (for what is more beautiful to contemplate than the countenance of a good and virtuous man ? it is, indeed, made after the image of God, undistorted by any evil passions) ! and also creates a humble hope, that the favour and grace of the Almighty will yet mercifully strengthen our efforts to become perfected in it.

“ For all her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace !”

To be virtuous—that is, to observe a strict rectitude of conduct and manners, so that neither by word or deed we offend either God or man—it is not necessary to practise a rigid and absolute asceticism, but to partake, with a cheerful and grateful moderation, of the blessings so liberally strewed in our path by the hand of a bountiful and beneficent Creator. For, as He bestowed nothing in vain, He expects his creatures to avail themselves in all thankfulness of His gifts, more pleased with the wholesome restraints they impose on their natural propensity to excess, than as if doubtful of their own powers of resistance, they fled to almost monastic seclusion, to avoid the temptations which are only culpable by abuse. The knowledge of *right* and

wrong is inherent in our nature, and the *will* to select from the two extremes is also ours.

“God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power: ordained thy will
By nature free, not overruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.”

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Nor is the certainty of eternal felicity hereafter, however encouraging and consoling under adversity, the only stimulus to virtuous actions through life, for it cannot be denied, even by the lover of pleasure himself, that the better a man's conduct is, the happier he is. Not that a good man is always the most prosperous one, in a worldly point of view. Alas! very—very far from it, in too many instances; but there is an abiding strength, an unshaken conviction in his mind, under every pressure of misfortune—under every privation when assailed by poverty in its most repelling form—when smitten to his heart's core in his dearest affections—when bowed almost to the grave by the most acute sufferings, “that all is for the best; that whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth; that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for him an exceeding weight of glory.” Yes, the really good man, the humble-hearted Christian, when tossed on a sea of troubles—when every hope, save one, is wrecked—when every endearing tie is rent asunder, and “no sorrow seemeth like unto his sorrow,” can still look with almost an eye of compassion on those who are revelling in every luxury—who are yet unacquainted with disappointment, and who blindly imagine that the delights of sensual enjoyment are to endure for ever, for he remembers the promises of his God—he remembers the haven of rest awaiting him above—he remembers, even with sorrow remembers, the terrible denunciations uttered by that unerring God, against those who give their hearts and souls to this world only.

“I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

“Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.”

III.—THE DYING MAN AND THE CHILD.

“Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.”—S. MATT. c. 18, v. 3.

Oh! take away that laughing boy,
This is the house of tears;
Yet, 'tis unkind to mar his joy,
Or gloom him with our fears—
Let him exult in infant mirth,
Too fleeting for the sons of earth!

He sees those tears of anguish flow,
 Nor guesses why we weep ;
 He cannot comprehend our woe,
 Nor why we watchings keep—
 But as his circling moments roll,
 Grief will instruct his sadden'd soul !

He heeds not why we steal along
 The dimly-curtain'd room,
 Not to his artless years belong
 Memorials of gloom :
 But they will come with added years,
 For manhood is the time for tears !

Then, oh ! in pity, take away
 That gleesome merry thing ;
 Yet, no—forbear ! perhaps he may
 An angel's mission bring,
 The delegate from God on high,
 To whisper of eternity !

On yonder wakeful couch there lies
 (Rack'd with remorse—despair ;)
 A candidate for Paradise,
 Yet dreading to go *there*—
 Conscious the wrath of God alone
 Must wait him at his awful throne.

No bodily infirmity
 Provokes those tort'ring sighs,
 But terrors of the deepest dye,
 Which conscience bids to rise—
 To rend his soul with that fierce grief
 To which death would be blest relief.

Interminable crimes appear
 From mem'ry's Hades now,
 To wring him with that desp'rate fear
 Which dews his suff'ring brow :
 Speak peace to his conflicting breast,
 Lord ! let thy wrestling servant rest.

Teach him to mark the innocence
 Of this unblemish'd child,
 How once, like it, without offence,
 In sinlessness he smiled ;
 That he a child, again *must* be
 Ere he can win eternity !

Dare he look back through the dark space
 Of years of mis-spent time,
 And through the maze of folly trace
 The paths that led to crime ?
 He may—he must—for at the end
 Repentance waits—the sinner's friend.

Speak! spotless child! God speaks through you,
 Your voice inspired raise;
 "From mouths of babes, and sucklings too,
 He hath perfected praise."
 Show, through the vista of Despair,
 Young Mercy, list'ning to his pray'r.
 Repeat the message, from *that* home,
 Where contrite hearts are blest;
 "Ye weary heavy-laden'd come,
 And I will give you rest—
 Come! to a God alone of love!
 A Saviour's death all sins remove!"

IV.—THE MAGIC OF A NAME.

They spoke, "as household words," of all
 The pleasures they once knew;
 When Sorrow lifted Mem'ry's pall:
 And brought the past to view!

Strange then to me the mystic spells
 Affection bow'd before;
 Which, in the depth of feeling dwells,
 For Musing to adore.

I could not comprehend a strain—
 A sound of other days—
 Could wring the prostrate soul with pain,
 Or, joy ecstatic raise!

What is that faculty?—more dread
 Than Endor's witch possesseth,
 To rouse the spirits of the dead,
 So long consign'd to rest!—

'Tis memory!—no thing of fear
 The guardian of the mind,
 Restoring Love's last precious tear,
 More tender—more refin'd—

Yielding his beaming smile, at will,
 The soft melodious tone;
 The eye, whose glances warm us still,
 Kindling for us alone.

So indurate my bosom then,
 I almost felt a sneer
 My lips distort satiric, when
 Regret awoke the tear—

Or, when a smile o'er sorrow's face
 In hurried brightness stole,
 As shadows, Time could not erase,
 Rose on the pensive soul!

But now!—I feel as truths sublime
Those dreamings of the heart,
Where, vivid as the present time,
The past hath only part.

Dearest!—it was for thy blest name
To teach the mystery,
For, oh! it very soon became
“As household word,” to me.

Now! *I can* feel, that in a name
There dwells a magic pow’r,
To light Affection’s ardent flame
Glowing to life’s last hour.

Now! *I can* feel, a simple name
(Despite the sceptic’s creed,)
Eternal memory will claim
“As household word,” indeed!

Now! now I feel, a name *can* raise
An ecstasy divine,
In the rapt soul-like angel’s praise:
But then, it must be *thine*!

Yes, Mary! thy pure name hath set
Love’s fond hermetic seal
There—which it will nor break—forget
Till it forgets to feel!

MONTGOMERI.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE night had far advanced, and the pale yellow moon had taken her seat in the heavens some two hours past, totally eclipsing the faint lights of the lesser luminaries, and throwing a bright glare over the surface of the earth. There is something solemn in the contemplation of a moonlight midnight; all nature seems at rest, every thing is silent and still; the rocks and shrubs throw their lengthened shadows o’er the earth; and should the low murmur of a stream, or the whistling of the wind amongst the broken fabrics of the trees, strike upon the ear, it sounds to our frightened senses like the roaring of a distant cannon, and conjures up to our sight, in spite of our determinations to be bold, the horrors of the assassin or the dungeon. It was on such a night, the moon shone brightly on the mountains to the west of St. Aubin, and seemed to invite the travellers on in their journey. The country, in its scenery, was wild and picturesque; at the south was the road to Auvergne, which seemed to wind around the base of the mountains, suddenly obstructing the view of the traveller, and again as quickly exposing to him the beauties of the scene. At the north and east was a dense wood, partially stripped of its foliage; and from which, at intervals, could be seen the lofty and massy tower of some castellated

building, or the taper and more graceful spire of a neighbouring convent. Proceeding towards the north, and on the road from Auvergne, appeared two travellers, each mounted on a powerful black gelding, and wrapped in a thick roquelaure of a black dye, which gave them, at first sight, the appearance of some peaceful monks, but another glance sufficed to prove the absurdity of the opinion. As they approached the mountain where the path grew steep, the horses, as of their own accord, slackened their speed, and proceeded leisurely along; although each rider was closely wrapped in his roquelaure, it was evidently from a desire to shield themselves against the chillness of the night, and not any motives of secrecy; for as the breeze blew aside the dark folds, the hilt of a sword and of other weapons, could be distinctly perceived; they seemed to practise towards each other a kind of partly distant and familiar courtesy, but the latter predominated, and showed they had been friends. In their personal appearance they were entirely dissimilar, varying in every possible manner. The first was a short, thick-set man, adorned with a profusion of hair, which time had tinged with her silver dye; his manner was cool and abstracted, but there was that in the expression of his dark flashing eye, which told a volcano burned beneath the freezing surface. He sat his horse with an ease and grace, combined with firmness, which might have been envied by the proudest sons of the land; but as he rode on, with his eyes fixed on the ground, he would sometimes draw tightly on the reins, suddenly checking the progress of his steed, and then instantly bury the rowels in his side as if to punish the animal for his caprice. The expression of his countenance was that of a man of a malignant disposition, but a firm, unbending mind. A smile seemed continually to play about his lips, but it evidenced neither satisfaction nor pleasure, but showed the secret workings of a soul prone to deeds which shrunk from day. His companion, however, was one of another mould; young, apparently not long having attained the years of manhood, he was possessed of all the feelings of a brave but honourable man. His hair was black as the raven's wing, and fell in careless tresses o'er his shoulders, fluttering in the breeze as the speed of his horse was increased; his forehead high, his eye dark, but devoid of that piercing expression which so characterized his companion; his mouth well formed; the upper lip adorned with a pair of moustaches, and his chin small and rounded; the entire expression of his face was pleasing—by many he would be called handsome; judging from his position he might have been above the ordinary height, well proportioned, and possessed an implicit command over his steed. As they emerged from the steep, narrow path, and entered a broad road which led through the centre of the wood, the younger reined up beside his companion, and bending forward in his saddle, said, "What you said, Raivallac, has sunk like a dagger to my heart; the circumstance was unfortunate for Montgomeri, and I may say for me. Hopes which I had fondly cherished during my exile, have, within this last hour, been blasted, I fear, for ever."

"They must be," said the other, in a cold, though decided tone. "I tell you, Jean de Roche, it must be so; the king died by his hands; I saw him thrust the spear which sent Henry to the shades; and would you, a loyal subject of France, unite yourself in bonds

which can never be undone, to a traitor!—the murderer of your sovereign!" For a moment he paused, with his eyes fixed upon the face of his companion, then added in a low, though not less impressive tone: "De Roche, I ask you, would it not stain your ancient name?"

"It would;" said De Roche, suddenly aroused by the question from the thoughtful attitude he had assumed. "You are right, Raivallac; by heaven! I know not what to do, I am harassed at all points. You say you saw it; let me hear the whole—I might then be more decided."

"I would that you were," replied his companion, "but I can tell you little more than I have said. It was at a tourney held at C , where Henry in person presided, and entered the list as a single knight. The courtiers who flocked around him all fell before his lance, until at last he found himself in entire possession of the lists; exasperated at the easy conquest he had gained, and confident not one of them had exerted his skill, he singled out Montgomeri, and commanded him on his allegiance to fight with his utmost dexterity. In vain did the count represent the impropriety of the action; in vain did he declare he had not come prepared for an encounter; in vain did he entreat being spared to raise his lance against his sovereign; his arguments and entreaties were alike disregarded, and he was compelled to enter the lists. The nobles who surrounded feared the issue of the encounter, for they all too well knew that Montgomeri wielded the best lance in France. It was a noble sight; never before did I see such tilting; but the king had his more than equal; at the first pass he received the lance of the count on his shield, but as he passed him on his return to the lists, he said, 'Count, by your allegiance, I charge you to use your skill,'—and he did; for after two passes the king lay stretched upon the sword."

"Was it so!" said De Roche, drawing a deep breath, and raising himself from his leaning attitude as though he had been suddenly relieved from an unwelcome burden, "was it so! then she is still mine! the king paid for his temerity by his own life, and was his own murderer—the count is innocent. Raivallac! I have sworn upon this steel that I will wed her, and I renew the oath. By St. Denis, not the holy inquisition shall make me swerve."

"Rash boy!" muttered Raivallac, "you know not your own mood; I tell you again it is impossible."

"Not so, marquis; although a boy, I have been used to encounter difficulties which men would shrink from; I have travelled alone and unaided through the most troublesome nations of Europe; I have, in foreign courts, with mine own single arm, upheld the dignity of France, and this good steel has been used to ensure my liberty. All this, though a *boy*, I have done, and will now do more to secure the happiness of her I love."

"You are warm-hearted, De Roche, and gloss over the weakness of the sex; woman's love is like the vane on yonder turret, changeable as the wind which directs it, and stops not at any point; we think she is ours, but we are deceived: when we fancy we have grasped her for ever, some more forcible attraction is presented, and she is gone."

Listen, count, and you shall hear a tale, which may prove of service, ere another sun has waned."

"Raivallac, you can have never loved, but your opinions are formed from those who know not the affections of the heart. Even angels have fallen, but some remained constant. No, marquis! I judge from mankind in general. I look not at a particular nation or sect, but the world; and not fire or sword shall eradicate from me the reverence I have for the sex. They can love constantly, but if man deceives —"

"They fall," said Raivallac, in a sarcastic tone, "no—they may be unhappy. And why did you, sentimental as you appear, play with the happiness of one, whom you would fain persuade me you adore? Is that a lover's will? you perceive your fame has spread far, even to the castle of Tourbelain."

"You mean the affair on the German frontier—but it is false! However, marquis, the tale you spoke of—"

"It is an unpleasant one, De Roche, but you must hear it, and then decide on your future conduct. Agnes Montgomeri has had many lovers since you parted."

"I know it; but a favoured one you cannot say."

"You have been sometime absent, De Roche, and changes are effected where we would least suppose. Would the difference be great should I say that she is false?" As he spoke he fixed a searching glance upon the face of the youth, as though he would fathom his most private thoughts.

The count started in his saddle, as he heard the concluding sentence, and half drawing his sword from his scabbard, replied in a voice tremulous with emotion—"You shall prove what you say, Raivallac, and if I find it false, by our holy church, I will not rest until we have crossed our blades; if true, you are indeed my friend—but I doubt you."

"I am used to the censures of the world, count," said the marquis, perfectly unmoved, "and can give tolerance to your unbridled tongue; but, as a friend, I will caution you—beware how you offend De Raivallac."

De Roche heeded not the caution, but seemed buried in deep thought; for some time they rode on in perfect silence; Raivallac occasionally directing one of his piercing glances at his companion, when they were suddenly startled by a loud and piercing shriek, which seemed to the travellers to issue from a female in the centre of the wood. They both started, and for a moment listened with intense anxiety, when another sound more shrill even than the former, broke forth on the stillness of the night. "There is foul work there," said De Roche, "let us on to the rescue;" and not waiting for the assent of his companion, he started off in the direction of the sound.

"Speed on, count," said De Raivallac, putting his horse in a gentle canter, "speed on, nor spare your steed; I will be in for the after-scene." But the count was already from his sight, and far beyond hearing; another and another piercing shriek seemed to act upon the humanity of De Raivallac, and he too, after a few minutes, was quickly following in the same track. The direction taken by the

count brought him farther into the intricacies of the wood, and he almost despaired of rescuing the distressed one, as all was now perfect silence, when the moon issuing from the cover of a dark cloud, threw a bright glare of light on the road before him, and discovered to his anxious gaze three men, one of whom was mounted; it was evident they were equally on the alert, and he was perceived; for the horseman, with his lance in its rest, and his visor drawn, rode fiercely towards him; De Roche followed the example of the stranger, and rode forward for the encounter; as they neared each other they stopped not for an explanation, but driving the spurs into the flanks of their steeds, they rushed on and met, with a terrific shock; each rider was doubled back on his saddle bows, and had it not been for them, would have been unhorsed; the stranger was the first to recover himself, and throwing his lance upon the ground, he came to the side of the count, and grasping his hand, said, "Sir knight, whoever you may be, you hold a firm seat, and a good lance; you are the first who ever kept his saddle after my charge, and the first who has made my brain turn as it did not a moment since; you are a worthy opponent for Montgomeri!"

"Heaven forbid I should ever cross steel with him," replied De Roche, "for although I have fought the stoutest knights of Europe, I would fain keep from the lists where he sways."

"How, sir!" said the stranger, in a tone of bitter irony, "do you fear the curse of outlawry would contaminate your fair person, or the name of robber would be attached to thine own for fighting a traitor, the scourge of the land; or are you lenient to the rebel for his fair daughter's sake? Be candid, my new-found friend, for we must be better acquainted."

The blood mounted to the cheeks of De Roche, as his companion concluded the various taunts, and he answered, "Hark you, sir stranger, were you the devil and but armed, I would make you prove your vile insinuations. He who calls Montgomeri a robber or a traitor, has himself a fairer claim to the titles; but he who will dare mention his daughter with aught but respect, shall know that the days of chivalry are not yet past."

"They are not," said the stranger, with a deep sigh, "too fatal have they been to my peace. Sir knight, you speak such words as have not been heard by me this many a day; they are, indeed, a balm to my soul. Ave Maria be praised! there is still one whom I may trust. Will you, as a friend of the church, who should aid the distressed, swear to me eternal secrecy if I confide in you?"

"Spare yourself, count, for I know all; your words alone have convinced me you are Montgomeri himself."

"Am I betrayed?" said he, reining up his horse, and directing a piercing glance at his companion, "have I such rascals in my camp who would sell their chief? I have not. Are you a spy?"

"If you were to say on the actions of the world, I would answer yes! but if you refer to yourself, I swear by our blessed church, I would rather die. No, Montgomeri, if you would remain private, bridle your tongue, for none but yourself can complain as you have done. If you doubt me still, and would have further proof, look at

me well, and see if in these altered features you can recognize one who was always your friend, who parted with you when a boy—his name, De Roche."

"De Roche!" said the count, grasping his hand and looking keenly upon him, "De Roche! can it be? are you indeed De Roche?"

"I am."

"I see it," said Montgomeri, pressing his forehead with his open hand, "years have rolled on since I fondled you, an infant, scarce able to prattle your own name; those were happy times. Never shall I forget the words of the good old count, when on his dying bed he resigned you to my charge—'Be kind to him,' said he, whilst the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, 'be kind to him; teach him the use of arms, and he will repay your toil.' You were a boy, then; but I obeyed the injunction of the dying man, and you did repay my toil. With pleasure have I heard of your exploits during your long exile, and looked forward to the time of your return. But my fortunes have changed since we parted. I am a man with the curses of the nation upon me; but, De Roche, do not believe all you may hear. I am innocent."

"I know it, count, and will uphold your name to my last gasp. I have heard the tale from the Marquis de Raivallac, a man who would scorn to lie."

"De Raivallac!" replied the count, with a sudden start, "the devil himself has not a blacker soul. Shun him, my friend; spurn him as you would an adder from your path; beware his words, they forbode of ill. I never saw the man, but I know his deeds; and if ever the guillotine released a villain's soul, it should be his; but he is as wily as a serpent, and will foil them all."

"You astonish me, Montgomeri, I had supposed differently of the man. We parted not half an hour since, and he is now in this wood on his journey to Tourbelain. I fear he will not be a welcome guest."

"To Tourbelain! is the villain so bold? However, he may retrace his steps, for never shall he find a resting-place within those walls. Does he think we are such arrant fools? No, no, Raivallac, we will foil you here. Let us on, De Roche; we must arrive the first." So saying, they set spurs to their horses, and speedily arrived at the waters of the bay of Avranches. There is something peculiar in the appearance of the scene, as you look forth and view the expansive sheet of waters: but what first excites the attention, is the peculiar appearance of the mountains of St. Michael and Tourbelain, situated about three-quarters of a league from each other, and in the middle of the bay. Nature has completely fortified them by their craggy and almost perpendicular ascent, which renders them impracticable for courage or address, however consummate, to scale; and those parts which may not be so strong in their natural defences, are plentifully supplied by works of art, which renders them equally impregnable. At the base of St. Michael's and winding around it to a considerable height, is a street or town; above are the chambers where prisoners of state were kept, and other buildings intended for their residence; and at the summit is erected a prodigious edifice occupying an immense space of ground, and of a strength and solidity equal to its

enormous size. This mount was in possession of the crown, but Tourbelain had long been a fief of the family of Montgomeri, and was now occupied by the exiled count. From this fastness, accessible only at low tides, he continually made excursions and annoyed the enemy, who never dared to attack him. He coined money, laid all the adjacent country under contribution, and rendered himself universally dreaded; the time when we have introduced him, he was on one of his predatory excursions, and was in the act of carrying off a female, who had resisted him in his endeavours to discover where she had laid her private hoard. It was such a scene as that which we have been attempting to describe, which burst upon the view of De Roche, and as the tide was low, they without delay crossed over to Tourbelain. The heavy drawbridge was raised immediately they had crossed it and entered the inner yard.

"Be careful," said Montgomeri to the warder, "that no one enters without my express permission. I expect intruders."

The man nodded his assent, and drawing forth his heavy keys, seated himself on the ramparts, and seemed as if awaiting the coming of the stranger. He had not kept his seat above half an hour before Raivallac appeared on the sands, and crossing over, demanded admittance.

"To whom?" said the man in a rough voice.

"To the Marquis de Raivallac."

"I should expect the curses of all good people upon me did I do what you desire; no, no, good marquis, we are not so well supplied as St. Michael yonder, stretching forth his brawny arm in the direction of the pile before him; if you come guarded by soldiers of the crown, I will direct you there; if not, I will recommend it to you, for it is fit only for such as thee."

The marquis bit his lip, but long having been accustomed to restrain his passions, he said coolly, "Go, my good fellow, to the Count Montgomeri or De Roche, tell them Raivallac is here, and I am persuaded you will change your words."

The man shook his head as he said, "It would be useless, sir; if I were to tell the count he would drive me out to keep you company; and to seek De Roche would detain me too long, for I should have to travel over the whole of France, if report speaks true: how say you, would you stay where you are until my return?"

"You are wrong, my man; De Roche, if I mistake not, entered but now with the count, and in whose company I have been for a week past; lower the bridge—I will stand between you and harm."

"But not between me and Montgomeri," said the man, with a meaning look; "it cannot be, marquis, we must sup apart to night, adieu! adieu! we will be on more familiar terms when you call again;" so saying he doffed his cap with an appearance of mock respect, and disappeared from the wall.

"You are deep, Montgomeri," muttered Raivallac to himself, "but no match for me, which I will speedily prove; I would bet my head against a brazen pipkin, that I cross that very bridge before to-morrow sunset;—and now to St. Michael's."

Whilst this scene was passing without, one of a very opposite kind

was acting within. De Roche having acquainted the count with his various adventures, was admitted into the presence of Agnes Montgomeri, and he was not a little astonished to perceive the difference time had made in her appearance, but he soon discovered her heart was still the same,—it was all his own. In her person she was tall, of a most graceful figure, and free from that unpleasant hauteur which had become so general to the ladies of the age; her features were regular; and the expression sharp and vivacious; her hair was of a bright auburn, and fell in luxuriant tresses from beneath a band of black velvet, which confined it over her forehead; her dress was of the most costly kind, a veil of net, interwoven with gold, hung gracefully from the head, extending almost to the ground; her robe was a light blue velvet, bespangled with silver, embroidered here and there with some tasty device, and, as if to add a delicacy of finish to the whole, a plain blond scarf was thrown carelessly across the shoulder. When he entered she was standing near a window, holding a guitar in her right hand, and looking towards the sea, apparently without regarding any particular object, like a person who is deeply engaged in thought; for some moments she seemed unconscious that any one had intruded on her privacy, but on turning from the window discovered she was not alone. She raised her kerchief to her eyes, and would have passed on to an adjoining room, but De Roche gently detained her; he saw by that one glance, that for some cause she was unhappy, for the tears had plentifully bedewed her cheeks. “Agnes,” said he, taking her hand and looking on her face with all the feelings of love, “have you forgotten De Roche, your long absent friend?” She looked up, but the glance sufficed; “De Roche,” said she, “De Roche!” she could say no more, the tears started again to her eyes, sobs choked her utterance, and she fell into the arms of her lover. For some minutes she remained thus, as if entranced; but let us throw a veil over the scene, let us leave them to their privacies, nor pry into the secrets of hearts so devoted as theirs; let us leave them to pour forth to each other the effusions of the soul, and remember only that they love.

The following morning, about noon, a monk presented himself at Tourbelain, and demanded private conference with the count; his features were not discernible, for the cowl was closely drawn, but the bigotry of the times was so great, that those of the church could perform what a civilian dare not attempt. His wish was immediately complied with, and after a few moments he found himself in the presence of Montgomeri.

“Remove your cowl, good father,” said the count, “we are alone, and you need not fear harm.”

“I do not,” said he, complying with the wishes of Montgomeri; “if I would trust my life to the honour of man, it should be to thine, but I have that which will purchase your esteem. Read,” said he, placing a parchment before Montgomeri, “and say is it as you desire?”

“You offer much,” said the count, glancing his eyes a second time over the letter; “what do you ask in return?”

“I have foresworn the world, my lord, and ask not for earthly pleasures; all I desire is, respect to the church.”

“And have I not?” replied the count, “who can accuse me of aught

but the most profound regard for our blessed religion. Ave Maria, spare us from such sins. But, father, there is something else you demand in return for this; be candid, I will grant all you can ask with propriety."

"You are too good, my lord; but since you are determined to show your generosity, I would ask, that when you are in possession of the mount, you will punish a rebellious man, who last night sheltered himself within its walls; he is called De Raivallac."

The count fixed a keen, searching look on the face of the monk, but he could elicit nothing from the search, for the friar still remained motionless, with his glance directed towards the table. "Raivallac," muttered the count to himself, "Raivallac—shall be punished like a villain as he deserves. Do you know the man?"

"So far, my lord, as his outward appearance is concerned, I may say I do; his character has been borne to me by the busy tongue of rumour—but can man be so bad?"

"They can, monk—you know it; did he not command the plunder of your holy church at Auvergne; but to leave this, monk, and return to our agreement; you say in this paper, that to night you will deliver over to me and my followers the mount of St. Michael, on condition that I respect the church, and punish De Raivallac. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"They are fair terms; but how shall I know that you are true to your new cause; you monks like not the show of steel or blood, and may shrink; when you should prove most firm, your hearts may fail at the last; or, in other words, you lead us to a trap with no mouse to release us. I will be plain with you, father, there is that in your eyes which makes me fear the worst. Mark me! I will be there at the time appointed, and if you prove traitor, you die, although the pope himself should demand your release. These are my terms, what say you now?"

"I agree; why should I have trusted myself here, unarmed, and without even a passport for my safety, had I not wished what I offer; do you think, count, treachery could lie masked without detection, before a man who is famed throughout the world? No; and if you want a further guarantee for my faith, I would pledge it to thee upon our holy cross—will that suffice?"

Montgomeri sat with his chin resting upon his hands, and casting long and suspicious glances on the monk; even he, for a moment, seemed undecided, but as he heard the last words, he rose from his seat, and pacing to the side of the monk, said, in a low, deep tone, "If you respect not the church, the outlawed Montgomeri can; I would not contaminate it by such an oath;" then, after a pause, he added, "but I would fain have more than your word; swear, monk, 'for you proposed an oath,' upon the sword of Montgomeri, that you will prove true; I shall consider it fully binding; for well I know that few, even those of the church, will dare not respect it." The monk received the sword, and as he pressed it to his lips and took the desired oath, the look of Montgomeri was fixed keenly upon him; but though he perceived it, he quailed not, nor evidenced the least surprise; not even his colour

changed, nor muscle of his face relaxed from its accustomed rigidity. "He must be true," muttered the count, to himself, and loudly to the friar exclaimed, "It will do! I have in thee full faith; this evening, when I perceive a white flag shown from the upper window of the western turret, I will be with you. You know your fate if you prove false; I will not deviate from my word."

"Fear me not, my lord," replied the monk, adjusting his cowl and retiring from the room; "Adieu, most noble sir,—we shall meet ere long, and may God speed thee!" Could the expression of his face have been seen as he uttered these words, no doubt would have remained as to his real motives, but unfortunately the cowl was too closely drawn. It must be attempted, thought, or rather soliloquized, Montgomery, after the departure of the unknown intruder, and not only sought, but won; it is a prize which I have long desired, and now methinks I could grasp it with a firm hold, had any but that treacherous-looking monk devised the scheme; I like not his eye, for villany speaks in its every look; but I think wily as he was, I hold him firm; he knows his oath, and I have passed my word for retaliating an injury, which men know I never break; my word once spoken is irrevocable, and 'tis well it should be so; I have rough spirits to deal with, who, although true on the whole, are apt to speak loudly at times. But enough; I have secured him, and he dare not draw back. At this juncture the door was thrown hastily open, and De Roche entered; "'Tis well I have met you, count, were his first words; for I *must* speak with you, if but for a moment; whom have you had here?"

"A monk from St. Michael's, but why? You seem to look as though you would doubt my words,—explain yourself, De Roche."

"I will. No monk has crossed the threshold of this door since you entered; I can prove what I say, Montgomery; you have been grossly deceived; the villain who has dared to personate one of the holy order is no other than *Raivallac*. You may stare, but it is true. His figure, his carriage, and his voice, combined, show too forcibly the man; I could not be deceived, even if you were. You never before saw him; but I parted from him not twelve hours since. Count, I will return you your own caution respecting the same man. Beware! in whatever he has said, he means to deceive. Twelve hours ago I would not have said this, for then I knew not the man; but since I have discovered his character from you and your retainers, and speak from my heart—trust him not."

"I suspected him," replied the count; "but it is a grand stake, and I cannot believe that even *Raivallac* could be so bold. No, De Roche, you must be wrong, but thanks for your warm-hearted attachment;" and Montgomery then related the conversation he had held.

"Trust him not," said De Roche with unusual warmth, as he became fully aware of the danger his friend was about to incur; "let me persuade, command, entreat! any thing to detain you here. It was *Raivallac*, Montgomery, on my honour! and you know he is not true."

"De *Raivallac* I know well, but cannot think that he, even with his effrontery, could be so bold; you must be wrong." Then, after a pause, he added, "De Roche, your persuasions will be useless; I have

long wished to surprise the mount ; it has, indeed, been my every-day thought, and could I now shrink at the mere supposition of danger ? No ! no ! the idea offends me. Silence, De Roche ! silence ! if the signal is shown I go, if a dozen Raivallacs plotted against me." A pause of some moments ensued, for the decided manner in which he spoke convinced De Roche his determination was fixed, and nothing then could make him swerve. The count was the first to speak, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of De Roche, continued, " but I have one favour which you must fulfil. There may be danger, but I care not how soon I die ; the world for me has lost its pleasures ; I am shunned by mankind, the stamp of a murderer is upon me, though heaven knows how unwilling was I to fight. I have a secret foreboding of ill, although I must on, whatever my fate ; but you, my friend, will remain at Tourbelain to guard the Lady Agnes and the castle, the two dearest to my heart. Die ere you surrender the one or the other ; and, if I fall, revenge my death upon Raivallac, for he will be the cause. Promise me this ; I will trust to your word, for I would trust my life to your honour."

" I cannot, Montgomeri, nor will not ; if you go, I follow. If you die, I will be there to revenge thee ; could I desert you in the hour when you most want my help ?"

" And would you resign the protection of Agnes to one who may prove traitor to his trust ; where is your boasted love, that you would act thus ?"

" Montgomeri, I have not decided rashly on my plans, but after much thought ; and the more am I convinced I will be with you. If treachery is intended, do you not think they will require the aid of every man they can muster, without dividing their force by the attack of Tourbelain ; and if the monk is true, there will be no fear of a surprise. At all events, happen as it may, we can speedily return."

" You may be right, De Roche ; indeed I am persuaded that you are ; and if you will follow Montgomeri to the last, may God help thee in time of need." An ashy paleness spread over the dark features of the count as he continued, " I feel a weight at my heart, a foreboding of danger, but I must on ; let what happen may, do you protect Agnes,—and now to prepare."

Thus the two separated, the one to the court to summon his retainers, the other to the apartments of Agnes, to prepare her for the coming conflict. But let us leave these to their various tasks, and return to the monk. So soon as he had emerged from the castle, instead of crossing straight over to the mount, he turned to the main land, where a horse, with its bridle tied to the bough of a tree, stood ready to receive him ; the monk slowly mounted, and having gained his seat, applied a small whistle to his mouth and blew a shrill blast ; scarcely had the sound died off than a well-mounted cavalier came spurring down the hill towards him, and doffing his cap as he approached, said, in the obsequious language of the retainers of the time, " The road is clear, my lord, and we can return by a path which will lead us to the southern face of the mount, and cross over without detection, for those at Tourbelain must have sharp eyes to perceive us through the granite screen."

"They are sharp, Rodan; Montgomeri has played a deep game, and holds me with a firm grasp; but I will foil him with his own weapons, or I am not De Raivallac. What think you, I have sworn on his sword to be true."

"It is a binding oath," replied Rodan; "and I am told that he respects an oath. How will you deceive him?"

"Throw it back in his teeth, or give him the temper of my steel gratis. We are both too far to recede, and must face out the storm. Montgomeri is bold, but shall not conquer me; if he brings a hundred of his followers they shall all find a grave at the base of St. Michael's; not one shall return. I have sworn that in mine own heart, which is more binding than the cross or steel; I will seize Tourbelain and his possessions, marry his pretty daughter, whether she will or not, and by our joint estates I think not the stoutest of France will war with me. The only stumbling block which remains to be removed is De Roche, and if we meet at any time, I fear I should fare but ill; Rodan! you have a plotting head, cannot you, in your ingenuity, devise some palpable means of ridding the world of him?"

"By what means would you prefer," replied the plotting villain, "I have a hundred at command; the dirk, the pistol, the goblet, and others innumerable; say but which, marquis, and you are obeyed."

"You are kind, Rodan, and are ever ready with your help; but we will settle first what we have already undertaken, and then to punish him. There will be hot work to-night; I intend you to be one who will receive the assailants; but mind, not a murmur is to be made, and on no account bring fire-arms of any kind; the least noise which may arouse suspicion, will mar the whole."

"Which shall not be done by me," replied the cold-blooded villain; but they had now arrived at the beach, and without more words, they crossed over to the mount.

The sun had set, and the shades of evening were spreading darkly over the heavens; the clouds had collected in dark masses, completely obstructing the light of the moon; the sea moaned, as it rolled its heavy billows towards the shore, as if lashed by the rising tempest; the shrill scream of the curlew could be distinctly heard, as it swept past, and told in its piercing note a tale of the coming storm. Indeed nature seemed to frown at the dark deed which was to be done, and wished to raise her powers in the defence of the betrayed; but it was vain, the warning was unheeded, and their fate was fixed. Nothing but confusion reigned throughout the castle of Tourbelain; the men were running in every direction, some armed, others nearly so, whilst two or three of the principals looked on and commanded what was to be done. At last the hour of midnight was sounded, in hoarse discord from the turret clock, and was the knell of many a brave man. Scarcely had the sounds ceased to vibrate, and the troop drawn up in order for marching, than the rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning broke forth in vivid flashes, illuminating the scene with a momentary glare: the appearance was awful, and many a firm heart shuddered at the prospect. At last Montgomeri and De Roche appeared, each mounted on their powerful chargers, the only two of the troop who retained their saddles. "Have you seen aught?" said

Montgomeri, who had been stretching his orbs of vision to the utmost, if possible to pierce the darkening gloom.

"Nothing!" was the unanimous reply, "it would be impossible to see aught such a night as this," and a low murmur ran throughout the troop.

"Silence!" said Montgomeri, as the sounds of the dissatisfied caught his ear; "silence, my men! I know there is not one of you but would follow me on, if to death; the night is fierce, but our hearts are not less firm;" as he spoke, a small light, like the twinkling of a star, could be perceived through the darkness, and in another moment a vivid flash of lightning lit up the surrounding scene, and discovered to the anxious gaze of the count a white flag, beside the light he had before noticed on the western turret. "I have it," said Montgomeri, whose keen eye had immediately perceived it, "the fellow is true, open the gates and let us march on, the time is come." The order was obeyed, and the devoted band marched out to return no more. With difficulty they crossed the sands, for the sea was rolling in with immense force, and the appearance of the surface was like an uneven ground covered with snow. Not a murmur was now heard, for they had marched forward, and their hearts were elated with the hopes of success, their nerves were strung with a firmness and determination to be conquered only by death. Alas! for the brave and devoted band, they perished but too soon. Fifty noble fellows, who had survived many a well fought field were cut off by the treachery of one. For a quarter of an hour they marched on thus, when they arrived at the mount, and during the whole time not a man had opened his lips. But now the orders of Montgomeri could be heard in cautious whispers, as he rode beside his troop and directed their movements. "Place your scaling ladders in silence and haste, and mount every man of you—I will follow!"

"And I will proceed!" said De Roche, springing from his horse, and wielding his heavy battle axe. "On, men! on! to conquer or die!" His foot was on the first step of the ladder, and he would soon have been beyond reach, when a powerful arm seized him from behind, and the deep voice of Montgomeri sounded in his ears:—

"Back! count, back! if you love yourself or me, return; should there be danger, you must not share it. I command here, De Roche, and must be obeyed."

De Roche perceived his real intentions were love to his daughter and his friend, and without resistance he allowed himself to be drawn from the ladder, when immediately it was covered by the daring band. One after the other entered the aperture in silence; there was not a murmur, a cheer, or a groan. At last they had all entered; and Montgomeri, impatient at not having received any signal of their success, rushed up the ladder, wielding his heavy battle axe in his right hand, and breathing vengeance on all who should oppose him. As he approached and was about to enter, his quick eye perceived the monk standing near him, with his sword drawn and hands covered with blood. "Treacherous devil!" he exclaimed, striking at him with his heavy battle axe, "take the price you deserve." Fortunately for Raivallac, owing to the position of the count, the axe fell short of the

intended victim, and from the strength with which it was wielded, it sunk deep imbedded in the floor; the count saw himself foiled, and springing forward, attempted to seize the monk: "Where are my brave fellows?" he exclaimed, in a voice deep with emotion; "wretch, thou shalt answer for their lives!"

"They are there!" said the monk with a fiendish grin, pointing to a dark gulf, immediately before the window, "and where thou shalt soon follow."

Montgomeri, mad with rage, would have entered and revenged, if possible, the lives of his companions, when his own fate would have been irrevocably fixed; but De Roche who had closely followed him, caught him by the arm, and prevented his taking the fatal leap: "Back, back, Montgomeri!" said he, in quick accents, "fall back! are you mad, to act thus? you are betrayed, follow me;" and without releasing his hold he descended the ladder. The count allowed himself to be quietly led; his senses for the moment were paralyzed—the fate of Montgomeri was fixed.

"A pistol! a pistol!" said Raivallac, turning to his men; "quick! or he will escape now, and what have we done if he is free?" But his orders for the absence of fire-arms had been strict, and implicitly obeyed, and there was not one upon the spot. The marquis ground his teeth in disappointment, and looking out upon the beach, he perceived the two had mounted their horses and were beyond his reach: "Fool! fool! that I am," said he, hurling his battle axe towards them with a desperate strength, "I have lost what I most desired, but I will have you yet." For a moment he continued to mark their progress, then with a clouded brow made his exit from the room.

For two days the count was wrapped in deep meditation; and by the working of his brow it could be perceived his thoughts were not of an envious kind; they were pregnant with revenge. On the third day a messenger arrived at the castle, bearing the unpleasant news of the revolt of the town of N——. To reduce it to its former obedience was necessary should be immediately done; and Montgomeri set out with one hundred men, leaving the castle occupied and to be defended by a troop of fifty. Their most minute movements had been watched by those of the mount; and no sooner were they beyond the rising grounds, and had struck into the wood, than Raivallac issued forth at the head of a large body, and taking the course he did the evening he had left Tourbelain, proceeded to that fortress, thus precluding all suspicion of his having proceeded from the mount; and in one hour he arrived at the base of the castle. De Roche had been already summoned, and not being deceived by the circuitous route the enemy had taken, determined, drained as he was of troops, to defend his charge to the last. Raivallac rode in the front of his troops, and depending on his incognito, addressed himself loudly to those on the rampart: "Warder," said he, in a confident and even commanding tone, "throw open your gates; the Marquis de Raivallac, having heard of the loss you have sustained at the mount, and your now reduced numbers, wishes, as a friend of Montgomeri's, to throw in this troop, to assist in defending the castle, should any unexpected attack be made."

De Roche remained silent until he had concluded, but then replied, "Raivallac, I have full knowledge of your detested plans, and am not blind as to your present intentions, but you shall never possess this whilst a man lives to defend it; let one of you advance but a single step, and I fire."

"We will try," said De Raivallac; and raising his sword above his head, cried with a loud voice, "Advance!" and instantly the whole troop was in motion. De Roche was one who never shrunk from his word; and in a voice heard above the din of shouts on either side, commanded the fire. For an instant there was a dead silence on the part of the besieged; each man was taking his deadly aim, for they were too few to fire at random, but the next moment the stillness was broken by the loud report of fifty rifles, and the view of the enemy was obstructed by the dense volume of smoke which hung between them.

"Now, men," shouted De Raivallac, "scale the walls ere they can reload; wherever you see my plume, follow."

As the smoke cleared off, the effects of the fire could be perceived, and encouraged the besieged to another attempt; a second volley was then poured forth, and the leaden shower spread devastation around; but the enemy had now mounted, and they had to defend themselves hand to hand: but even then occasionally the report of the rifle could be heard. Several times did the besiegers gain the wall and even land upon the platform, but they were either cut down or obliged to return.

Raivallac was not backward in the attack, but among the foremost of the whole, and where the battled thickened there was he. His intentions were to fight his way to the postern and open a free access for his troop: this he would have effected, for his heavy sword bore down opposition, but as he turned an angle of the building, and entered the narrow passage which led to the portal, he found it stoutly defended by De Roche against two of his own men who had preceded him. As the men beheld their leader they seemed confident of success, and dealt their blows with less skill though more alacrity; for a time De Roche seemed to stand only on his defence, parrying off the thrusts intended for him with the skill of a most accomplished swordsman, but suddenly perceiving his opponent off his guard, he put in his thrust and passed his sword directly through the body of his adversary; the man gave a dying shriek, and fell upon the heap of slain who had been cut down by the same in defence of his post; the other, seeing the fate of his companion, turned and fled. De Raivallac during the combat remained a quiet spectator, for even he had too much honour remaining to attack one on such unequal terms; but when he saw the field open, he immediately presented himself, and, without a word, crossed his blade with that of De Roche. The count drew a long breath, planted his feet firmly on the ground, and with his eyes fixed on those of his new opponent, seemed to await the attack. For a moment they stood motionless, neither willing to commence an assault which might prove fatal to both; for each having been long inured to war, possessed a thorough knowledge of the weapon. The marquis was the first to move his position, by making a feint at De Roche;

but the count was not to be thus thrown off his guard, but still retained a power over his action until a more favourable opportunity. Raivallac perceiving he could not be drawn out by such inoffensive means, determined at all hazards to assail him with violence, and if possible drive him for support against the wall; accordingly the contest soon became, as if by their mutual consent, of a more active kind. But Raivallac had reckoned without his host; every thrust or pass that he made was parried off with an agility that astonished even him.

"By St. Jago!" muttered the marquis, "is this play never to end?"

"In good time," replied De Roche; and silence again prevailed. Pass after pass was exchanged without any advantage to either, when De Roche, having made a lunge at the marquis, slipped his foot over a body which lay upon the ground, and thus was almost at the mercy of his opponent. Thus exposed, he became immediately fully aware of the extent of his danger, and with an extraordinary effort sprung beyond the reach of his weapon, but not until he had received a thrust, which lay bare his left side; with a presence of mind to be obtained only by long and constant practice, he pressed his arm upon the weapon, and as it had got entangled in the folds of his cloak, he thus rendered it difficult to be extricated. Quick as a flash of lightning the sword of De Roche was uplifted above his head to add a stronger impulse to its descent, and then fell with a force which bespoke the strength of its possessor; the marquis uplifted his arm to ward off the blow, but such resistance was as a straw, it was severed above the elbow like a thread, but the weapon glancing from its direct course, sunk deep buried in the opposite shoulder, partially striking the arm from its socket, rendering him disabled for ever. Raivallac uttered an agonizing yell, and fell upon the heap of his slain companions.

"Lie there," said the count, spurning him from him, "thou demon of wickedness—even that death is too honourable for such as thou. I swore we should meet, and we have upon fair terms."

The assault was now carried on with vigour, each party was determined not to surrender; fast as they ascended the wall they were beat back, either thrown headlong into the moat, or compelled to return by the way they came; but many had entered and gained a complete footing within the walls; these kept the others at bay, and as we have before said, the troops of Tourbelain were considerably lessened by their late discomfiture, it was impossible they could long withstand the overwhelming force. At last the opponents within became so strong that they drew up in a body, and presented an uninviting front. Musquetry was again had recourse to, and volley after volley was poured forth with a destructive effect, materially lessening the number of either party. De Roche perceived the utility of such efforts; he saw the number of the others would soon entirely overwhelm him, for they were now flocking over the walls with comparatively little opposition, and numbered ten to his one. In this emergency he mounted the turret at the back of his troops, and loading with grape a brass culverin, which was continually kept there, poured forth fire after fire on

his foes. The scene now became awful; the carnage was tremendous, and as the assailants received one of these unlooked for and destructive fires, they fell back in a mass, as though one heart possessed the whole. Their hope now was to gain the turret, and to this point charges were continually made—but the besieged, knowing the advantage of the post, defended stoutly every inch of ground. The fire at length became so hot, and so frequently were they repulsed, that although still superior in numbers, their hearts failed them, and they contemplated a retreat. One last effort was to be made; it was a hard struggle—a long and maddening struggle of life and death, and many a brave heart then ceased to beat for ever. On they came, like a torrent, heedless of the destructive fire they were subjected to, and threw themselves on the bayonets of the besieged, determined to break their line or die in the attempt; but it was useless, for it still remained as when formed, presenting an impassable barrier: hand to hand they fought, the bright rays of the sun glistened upon the shining weapons, but it was of no avail, the courage of the troops was invincible; as soon as one fell, his place was immediately supplied by another, who was determined to follow the example of his predecessor. In this emergency, when the pavement was literally washed with blood, a bugle sounded three shrill notes, an instant it was sounded again, and again. The men knew the sound—at that moment a welcome sound; it was the signal for retreat; and without order, literally turning their backs upon their conquerors, for such they were, they rushed to the wall. And now might have been seen a scene too horrible to be described; scores sprung from the battlements to escape the swords of the avengers, others thrown over in their vain attempts to descend, and many were massacred unresistingly by the companions of those who had before shared a similar fate. Nothing seemed to be considered too horrible to be perpetrated on the remorseless villains who could slay, as they did, defenceless men. At last the castle seemed deserted of its assailants, and the sound of war was not to be heard. De Roche, willing to know the fate of Raivallac, proceeded to where he had left him; but he was gone, the postern open, and the bridge lowered. This could not have been done by him; but most probably, assisted by his followers, he thus made his escape.

* * * * *

On the evening following the contest, a horseman arrived at Tourbelain with despatches for De Roche; it was from Montgomeri, but melancholy were its contents. It ran thus:—

Dear Count.—At last, after seventeen years exile, I am caught in the toils of my enemies, and without reprieve shall receive my doom. I know with whom I am to treat, and look not for the shadow of mercy. Catherine de Medicis, from the time Henry fell by my hand, although Heaven knows how unintentional was the act, has sworn vengeance upon me, and now I am in her power I shall receive what she considers a murderer's fate. I have been long sick of the world; oft have I wished to die, but not thus; in the field, or by the assassin, I could have resigned my life as a man; but by the executioner—the thought maddens me—but I fear it must be so, and how soon I know not; see me, at all hazards, before I die, and after, when I am no

more, and Agnes shall not have me as a protector, I resign her to your charge. This is the injunction of a dying man—follow it De Roche.—I had proceeded to N——and quelled the insurgents, who made a stout resistance, but treachery has surrounded me at all points, and when I thought I had subdued them and our work was done, a large and unexpected force came suddenly upon us; we resisted whilst we could hold our swords; I fought with a desperate madness, but an unlucky shot, disabling me of the use of my leg, I fell; soon after we were overcome by their numbers, my brave troop entirely routed, and I taken prisoner. This, too, has been the work of Raivallac; he did not command, but his plotting head set them on. Punish him, De Roche, for he is a man whom I scorn—has been my overthrow—punish him; if you have to pursue to the confines of the earth, rest not until you have avenged your friend; death would be too easy for such as he. Protect Agnes. Should we not meet again, adieu for ever.

The colour forsook the cheeks of De Roche as he perused this letter; he felt for the moment as though his happiness had entirely fled; he crumbled the letter in his grasp, and burying his face in his hands for a time, was absorbed in thought; it was but a momentary weakness, for he immediately perceived much depended on the instant, and springing to his feet he wrote a short billet to Agnes, informing her of the absolute necessity for his immediate departure for a few days, but gave no cause for this sudden movement; he feared to give the right, and scorned to be false. Having resigned this to the care of her attendant he proceeded to the yard, and mounting his horse, was quickly on his road to Paris.

It will be needless to give an account of his journey; suffice it to say, he spared not fatigue on his steed or himself, and arrived at the capital in an incredibly short time, but preparations were already afoot which made him fear the worst. As he entered the Champ de Mars an immense concourse had assembled to witness the execution of a criminal who was about to suffer; his heart misgave him, and he feared to ask the name of the doomed one. The soldiers surrounded the scaffold, keeping off with their fixed bayonets the brutal populace, the headsman stood by with his axe, ready to perform his office, but the victim had not yet appeared. Suddenly a door opened, and a tall man, with a firm walk and an unflinching look, strode forward to the very edge of the scaffold—it was Montgomeri.

De Roche looked upon his lost friend, and exclaimed, at the same time spurring his horse into the centre of the crowd, "Montgomeri! I am with thee to the last, and will get thy release—stay!—a moment!—a single moment!—a reprieve for Montgomeri!"—he would have said more, but having penetrated into the thickest of the mob, they became outrageous at the trampling of his steed, and dragged him from the saddle. He heard Montgomeri addressing the populace, but he knew not a word he spoke—he still continued to cry "a reprieve," but he was unheeded. At last he heard the last words of Montgomeri, uttered in a firm unflinching voice, "Adieu, De Roche;" the words acted like magnetism on the prostrate count; he struggled to regain his legs—it was useless—the crowd pressed thicker—again he struggled, and again—at last a

division seemed suddenly to be made where he lay, and springing up, he directed his first look at the scaffold—never before did he suffer such agony as at that moment—Montgomeri was no more—for a moment he seemed fixed to the spot, his senses were paralyzed, when a voice whispered in his ear, “This is no place for thee, De Roche, away!” He looked round, but he who gave the warning had fled, but the caution was not to be unheeded, and mounting his horse he retraced his steps to Tourbelain.

To depict the grief of Agnes Montgomeri when she heard of the death of her father would be a task unpleasant to me, and if I judge rightly, to you, gentle readers; long did she mourn the fate of her parent, but time brings its balm and makes the most poignant woes less sharp. It did so with Agnes Montgomeri, and two years after she was united to De Roche, whom she had ever loved. Their union was happy, such as might have been expected from two such devoted hearts, but they never ceased to think of their unfortunate parent Montgomeri.

Raivallac, the cunning deceitful villain who had plotted the fall of so many, was disappointed, and at the same time punished by him on whom he had fixed his greatest stake. He lost both arms, was shunned by the world, and, finally, died insane: he could restrain his passions, but whilst they were imperceptible to the eye, they were harrowing up his soul—they were indeed a volcano beneath a freezing surface. He died three years after, miserable and unlamented.

THE FLASH COVE'S CONFESSION.

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF “JACK SHEPPARD.”

My name is Snorval: close to Champion Hill
 My father plies his awl—a drunken wight,
 Whose constant care is to procure his gin
 And whack his only son—myself—from home.
 But I had heard of burking, and had long'd
 To follow in the steps of Burke and Hare,
 And thus obtain the tin my dad denied.
 Yon moon, which rose last night round as my hat,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when by her light
 A set of tipsy covies from the shades
 Rush'd like a press-gang, right down Holborn Hill,
 Larking like any thing. The Charlies fled
 For succour and for safety. I alone,
 With plaster pitch'd, though quiv'ring at my errors,
 Hover'd about the gentlemen, and mark'd
 Who tipsiest seem'd; then, whistling for some pals,
 Who with a set of fifty fresher “burkes”
 I met advancing—the pursuit I led
 Till we o'ertook the wine-encumbered foe.
 We closed and scrimmaged—ere his breath was drawn
 A plaster from my hand had gagg'd a chap

Who sported then the togs which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The cobbler's slothful life; and having heard
 That brave Jack King was forming a choice band
 Of cracksmen in the purlieus of Cheapside,
 I left my father's stall and took with me
 A chosen cad to pouch the pilfered pelf,
 Yon snivelling blackguard who has 'peach'd his pal.
 Prowling about one day, I met Tom Towers,
 And, devil-directed, came this night to do
 The sappy deed which blasts my rising fame.

LOPEZ.

LOUISA VINNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE."

I NEVER could endure a prodigy, and have no doubt I was myself as disagreeable a little whelp as ever drew vital air, having at a very early age astonished my maiden aunt and my poor mother, with answering in *immortal verse* a trumpery charade that happened to be proposed in a two-penny publication, entitled "The Weekly Messenger," an accompaniment of "The Sherborne Journal," every Saturday, and which afterwards contained sundry precious *morceaux*, written by my baby hand, sent up by my admiring relatives to *head-quarters*, where they were sure to be duly puffed and admitted, from the circumstance of the editor of this same savoury satellite having been formerly in love with my mother, and consequently thinking her hopeful son to be, and dubbing him also with the astounding name of a *prodigy*.

Well do I recollect this my first poetical effusion, and the throes it cost me to bring it forth; then did I rock myself backwards and forwards in my bed before I could get my words *to chime* according to my boyish taste. It was completed at length, and it proved the foundation on which I consequently built all my future fame; but for this fortunate charade and my renowned answer to it, I might have remained "a mute inglorious Milton" with the rest of them, instead of being *what I am*; but what that is it would be most horrid bad taste in me to repeat. I will copy this celebrated *bursting forth* of youthful genius verbatim for the benefit of those who may be still in the bud—but Rome was not built in a day.

ANSWER TO CHARADE 34.

A swine's fat gammon I did take,
 And tied it fast upon my back;
 And when together we were seen,
Backgammon we were call'd I ween.

H. B.

Editor's note at the bottom of the page:—

* "The above answer to charade 34, was written by a child of only seven years old. Such early indications of *genius* are rare indeed,

especially as he comes from a very prosaic family, and therefore has no one to fan the *ethereal spark* of poesy into a *blaze* !”

A *blaze* indeed it was, for I had like to have consumed the whole house, by setting fire to my bedgown whilst studying in bed, an elegy to one of my own front teeth, which I was then shedding, and which my aforesaid maiden aunt assured me, “ was a very pretty subject for my muse.”

I know not how it was, but I had at that time a confused notion, that though I was a true and acknowledged *prodigy*, yet that I was not yet a *phenomenon*, which I conceived to be a much higher sort of a thing, and I feared quite out of my reach ; so from that moment I heartily despised the word *prodigy*, which I have continued to do ever since.

I met with an individual of this class a few years after I became a *prodigy* myself, which heightened my aversion to the very name ; this favoured being was a certain Miss Biffin, who most generously suffered herself to be taken about the country in a caravan for a show, and who most industriously cut out watch-papers with her toes, selling them for sixpence a piece—and she cut them with her toes for the simple reason, that she had no fingers wherewith to perform that praiseworthy vocation. When I looked upon my ingenious sister *prodigy*, with “ *rings on her toes*” and bracelets on her ankles, twisting about the scissors in all directions, and turning out devices of every bird in the air, and every fish of the sea, I swore in my innermost heart (that is the core of it), that I would eschew the appellation of *prodigy* from that hour, and rise to be a *phenomenon* or perish !

But I am becoming an *egotist*, and that is still worse than a *prodigy* ; let me turn away from self, to a real, downright *phenomenon*, that has just fallen within my observation, and with your permission, good, kind Mr. Editor, I wish to describe to you what this phoenix resembles, and what it does. If any of your readers are disposed not to believe me in my relation of it, let them go and examine it themselves.

Well, then, this *rara avis* is a female infant only three years and a half old, with a fine expressive eye (of course I mean two of them), and a forehead very largely developed. I will use her father’s own words regarding her, which I have every reason to believe were spoken in simplicity and truth. He is a native of Devonshire, and at a very early age himself exhibited great precocity of talent in that divine art, music, in which his little daughter Louisa is a decided *phenomenon*, exceeding all I have ever seen or heard of, with the exception perhaps of Mozart and our own Dr. Crotch.

“ It was at the early age of nine months,” says he, “ that I first observed the intense delight my infant daughter Louisa derived from music. When crying, the sounds of a musical instrument immediately soothed her ; her whole frame moving in unison with the measure, and her face beaming with enjoyment. I was delighted with this very early and extraordinary development of talent, and I played to her occasionally upon the violin—the great pleasure she decidedly derived from it being a sufficient inducement to me to repeat it.”

“ I took the opinion of several medical gentlemen upon the pro-

priety of indulging my child in this kind of amusement, lest my ambition of seeing her one day a good adult musician, should be frustrated by too early excitement; their advice was, to give her gentle exercise in *singing*, and to guard her against late hours.

"In the early part of an evening in June, 1839, (this being last year, and the child only then two years and eight months old) I was called by her mother, who was in tears listening to the child, *singing in her sleep!* This she had often done before, but never so sweetly and distinctly. Surprised at the beauty of the melody, (*which was perfectly new to me,*) and her repeating it several times, I had an opportunity of writing it down. On the evening of the day she spent with Mr. Mocheles, she also sang several times in her sleep, and he has given the following testimonial:—

"SIR.—I have with great pleasure listened to and examined the vocal performance of your little daughter. She appears to me, not only to be most liberally gifted with a voice of unusual compass, but also with a sensitiveness of organization, whether as concerns the power of correctly retaining melodies, or of reproducing intervals, remarkable, she being only three years and a half old.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"3, Chester Place, 1840."

J. MOCHELES.

The great Thalberg also bears me out, Mr. Editor, that my little friend, Louisa Vinning, who I saw yesterday at her own house, playing with a doll dressed in yellow; and who was just going out to give it and herself a ride in one of the goat carriages in Hyde Park, is a real and undoubted *phenomenon*, leaving myself and the industrious Miss Biffin, my sister prodigy, far in the rear. Thus does he write to her father:

"SIR.—I regret exceedingly I have not until now had a spare moment to fulfil my promise in writing to you, expressing the delight I had in hearing your dear little girl sing so astonishingly correct, and with so pleasing a voice. She is, indeed, a most astonishing child, and I hope she will soon meet the patronage and encouragement which her extraordinary talent undoubtedly claims.

Your's truly,

"Plymouth, Dec. 11, 1839."

S. THALBERG.

The kind wishes of M. Thalberg respecting my phenomenon have been fulfilled, for she has sung before the first personage of this kingdom, and her illustrious consort, at Buckingham Palace, and so charmed and delighted was the Queen at her singing and expression, that she took a precious diamond from her own dress, and placed it in the bosom of the infant Sappho, handing to her father also for her use, a rouleau of gold, on which was written, it is believed with her own hand, *For Louisa Vinning.*

I have heard this astonishing infant sing in public more than once, and during the whole of her performance she appeared to me like a thing *inspired*, and as if she had lost all consciousness of the outward world; indeed her father assures me, that on the first night of her performing at the Polytechnic Institution, by some accident the two chandeliers that are suspended over the piano on which the little vo-

calist stands fell together, within a few inches of her head, but the child perceived it not, and went on in her sweet warbling as if nothing had happened. This incident drew down loud plaudits from the audience.

I have not been fortunate enough as yet to hear this sweet child warble in her sleep, but the air entitled "*The Infant's Dream*," which has been harmonized and words written to it, by Mr. J. Blockley, I have heard her sing, and it occasioned me such a thrill of delight that I wrote and sent to her father the following lines, with which I shall conclude this little article, that the reader may judge between my first and last productions in verse, my answer to Charade 34, and my spontaneous effusion on hearing Louisa Vinning warble her own sweet melody.

TO THE INFANT SAPPHO, LOUISA VINNING,

ON HEARING HER WARBLE THE AIR OF "THE INFANT'S DREAM,"
WHICH WAS FIRST SUNG BY HER DURING SLEEP.

From *Heaven*, sweet babe! thou must have brought
Those melodies which angels sing;
For not on *Earth* hast thou been taught
The airs of thy sweet warbling.

Whene'er thy eyelids close in sleep,
Still may'st thou have *new* dreams of heaven;
And may thy memory ever keep,
All that in sleep to thee is given.

So may we then some faint glimpse gain,
Of joys that now we only guess;
And may'st thou, *Favour'd*-one! obtain,
More than in dreams, Heaven's happiness.

FLOWER SPEECH.

THIS flower has speech, and speaks from earth,
As speak the stars from heaven above,
Like singers round an altar's hearth—
And this the theme—We love! we love!
We love! we love!—there is no death
Of loving hearts in earth or heaven;
And not a flower but breathes to birth
A love vow to some spirit given.
How soft its voice—yet passing sweet—
No music hath so sweet a tone;
But not the ear its accents greet,
It speaks but to the heart alone.—J. A. H.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

"As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTON.

The Poetical Works of John Keats. London. By Permission of the Proprietor, WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. 1840.

AMONG our many desires, one of the dearest has for a long time been, a new and complete edition of all the poetical writings of the much ill-used John Keats. The coarse-minded and pitiless reviewer of the *Quarterly* had boasted that he had extinguished the poet, and the poet's friends have also accused him of having slain the man. By way of apology for this heartless, or at any rate, erroneous conduct, the publication in question, instead of confessing its mistake, has, we are sorry to say, repeatedly justified it; asserting that, by its means, *Endymion* was killed—never to know resurrection—and charging the death of the author on the natural bad state of his health. As to the character of the act performed, the indignant verses of Shelley will brand the pseudo critic with the sign of guilt, and damn the memory of his deed to everlasting fame, when his deed itself shall have gone into oblivion. Who reads the despicable article in question now? Who would reprint that? Many and many have nevertheless studied the poetry which it condemned; and now we have a collected edition of all the poet's works. Blackwood's Magazine likewise incurred the guilt of condemning Keats.

As the chief objection stated against Keats lies to his versification, we will begin with that topic. The versification of Keats' *Endymion* imitates that of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*. Yet has the poet imitated, not so much the style of language as of thought; that is, he has cast his creations in their mould. But there is a severity of versification in Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Tempest," and in Milton's "Comus," to which the "Faithful Shepherdess" and "Endymion" are utter strangers. In these the versification is bound by no laws, controlled by no propriety. Like "the great Deity, for earth too ripe," it "lets its divinity o'erflowing die—in music." The rhyme is to it as a dam stopping its course for a while but to provoke its resistless overflow, and sometimes it descends "with the voice of thunder, and in brightness o'er its precipitous way, yet musical," as a magnificent cataract on which rests a morning iris, evanescent but beautiful, "like hope upon a deathbed," or "love watching madness," softening its rugged progress and lawless violence. It has no mechanism, it disdains all rules, and will have its own sweet will and way; and if you would observe its course, you must submit to its tortuous windings, its angular projections, its abrupt divisions, well content with the more manifold images with which by those means it makes you acquainted. The momentary prospects which are thus opened—the glimpses of varying scenery—the many paths, light or obscure, whence heaven is seen in its infinite expansion—"the freshness of space"—or partially perceived between "the swell of turf and slanting branches,"

"Through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue;"

and with the melody by which the wavelets of the pellucid current are ever accompanied, making the air pregnant with magic, and the banks pleasant with enchantment. The hand that would touch with effect the "oat of pastoral stop," must be a wizard's. He must "bid it discourse" dulcet and

lofty music; but must produce this by no reference to the gamut, by none of the common means, not by attention to rule and measure,—it must come upon the ear like the unearthly sounds of an Æolian shell, as fearlessly and freely—like

“ The vague sighing of the wind at even
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,
And dies on the creation of its breath.”

Fletcher has, indeed, successfully produced these sounds; and Keats, with no feeble hand, tried his early skill. The stories of Shakspeare's two pastorals are certainly superior to Fletcher's fable. They are imagined with more delicacy and more dignity, but not executed with more sweetness of sentiment, nor so much delicious wilfulness of versification—a versification which may sometimes cloy from its lusciousness, but which is so redolent of spring, and love, and poetry, that none other appears (to us, at least) so suited to the simplicity of the subject, or so capable of expressing the fantastic combinations which it admits and requires, so capable of echoing that sating yet “ faint breath of music which fills out its voice and dies away again,” proper to pastoral poetry, which is as a dream

“ Of idleness in groves Elysian;”

and like our ideas of Arcady, indistinct, as all our notions of happiness must inevitably be.

Keats and Fletcher's destiny were similar. “ The Faithful Shepherdess ” was condemned at its first appearance. We have already reminded our readers of the manner in which the *Quarterly Review*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, treated “ *Endymion*.” This overflowing of the versification was complained of, and the author was charged with linking his rhymes together at a venture, by which rhyme was made to produce rhyme, and not the sense. It was said that the imagery and the sense were dependent on the rhyme. What of that? Fletcher offended before him, if offence it be? Blank verse might have been more consonant to their free exuberant souls; but they wear their chains gracefully, and show by the uses to which they put them, and the assistance which they make them render, that they knew how to overleap the barriers that oppose them, and betray the sportive purpose for which they were assumed, and the happy captivity is willingly endured. Nor though the thought appear evolved from the rhyme, is the thought dependent on the rhyme. Still, sense predominates over sound, which at the termination of each verse, seems to listen for an invisible echo from the intellectual voice—for some new idea which shall as unexpectedly comport with this, as the concluding word of the following line chimes-in with the present, in harmonious and original correspondence, surprising the ear with a complicated sensation of difficulty and ease. Thus is the material medium of the poet's thoughts kept in perpetual reference to the ideal world. In the mechanical versification of Pope, the very idea is mechanised, and contracted or extended to suit the Procrustes couch of his monotonous prosody. Compare the following passages from both poets,—

“ How the sight

Of those smooth rising cheeks renews the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory

Of his own beauty, nor Sylvanus' boy,
Nor the twice ravished maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive." *Faithful Shepherdess.*

" Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple : taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona : here is cream,
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam ;
Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimmed
For the boy Jupiter ; and here, undimmed
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums
Ready to melt between an infant's gums ;
And here is manna picked from Syrian trees,
In star light, by the three Hesperides." *Endymion.*

Thus Fletcher addresses the moon :—

" Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banished from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy *chaster* beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how *cunningly thou dost beguile*
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos ; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself." *Faithful Shepherdess.*

Thus Endymion :—

" Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipped fate,
A thousand powers keep religious state."
" And, by the feud
'Twixt nothing and creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo ! that thy sister fair
Is of all these the gentler—mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone ;
As if she had not pomp subservient ;
As if thine eye, high poet ! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart ;
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon ! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in :
O Moon ! old boughs lisp forth a *holier din*
The while they feel thine airy fellowship :
Thou dost *bless* every where, with silver lip,
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine ;
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes ;

And yet thy *benediction* passeth not
 One obscure hiding place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within his *tranquil* ken,
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
 Takes glimpses of thee ; *thou art a relief*
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea !
 O Moon ! far-spooning ocean bows to thee,
 And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load." *Endymion.*

A contrast of these poems with Gray's Pastoral Tragedy of "Dione" would illustrate the appositeness or impropriety of this sort of versification. It is a matter of feeling—it would be absurd to reason upon it.

These sort of poems are generally allegorical—Shakspeare's, however, are only mythological, and have therein a manifest advantage. Being allegorical, there is less chance of finding reference in them from the material world to the intellectual. We have not been able to discover one in Spenser's "Faery Queene." The ideal world is allegorized by means of reference to material images—it is embodied. Those passages, however, above distinguished by italics, contain allusions to the intellectual. There is besides a continual reference to a moral in many of the situations in "The Faithful Shepherdess" which may be claimed as instances. They are of the same kind as the passages in Shakspeare's "As you like it," which are referable to the mental circumstances of the speaker—these are referable to the moral of the poet. The continually recurring moral is illustrated by the reverence which the rude satyr observes towards Clorin, who has sworn eternal constancy to her "buried love." This reverence is referred to the peculiar power with which the poet has endowed Chastity—an idealism with which Milton, in his "Comus," has likewise invested the same virtue in imitation of his predecessor.

The enthusiasm in the passages relating to this quality which poesy has created for Chastity or Virginity, is noble—it has all the fervour of original conception—the rapture of genius that a new idea is born into the world—the thoughts breathe and the words burn.

Milton's is as follows:—

"CHASTITY.

"She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells
 By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty."

"The sublime notion—the high mystery,
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage,
 And serious doctrine of virginity."

Comus.

In Spenser's "Faery Queene" the lion is made to pay homage to the virgin Una, and defend her.

Milton has concentrated and improved Fletcher's idea, as indeed he improved every thing he honoured with imitating; and we have quoted from him, seeing our extracts from Fletcher are already of some length. In

Fletcher it is spread over the poem, and the interest of the plot hinges upon it. It meets you at every turn, combined and complicated in every possible manner of which the limits of the poem were capable, or the imagination of the poet creative. Thenot, a shepherd, in love with Clorin—wherefore loves her? Loves her because of her constancy to the dead, and this romantic passion is only to be subdued by the inconstancy of Clorin; thus, he is in a most novel and perplexing situation, and well may he ask,—

“Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded?”

And in a strain of the highest enthusiasm he addresses this constant virgin in the following passage, which, perhaps, might have been better used for comparison with the versification of Keats than even those we have already adduced.

“’Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Tho’ it be full and fair! your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelop’s shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul. Your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly; nor your tongue,
Tho’ it spoke sweeter than Arion’s harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand’ring soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien snow:
All these, *were but your constancy away,*
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, while this honoured strictness you dare keep,
Tho’ all the plagues that e’er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off these drops of weakness, and be free,
E’en in the arm of danger.” *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

————— “if you yield, I die
To all affection; ’tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire.” *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

Clorin finally practises a pious fraud, and affects the inconstancy which he abhors—he is cured of his passion, and quits her with indignation.

How so young a man as Keats generated a mythology of his own—for this he will be found to have done, though adumbrated it be in Greek names and symbols, if his poetry be strictly investigated—were an interesting subject for inquiry. It marks a religious instinct in the poet, and testifies to the great, the immortal truth, that the Poet ever is and must be a Religious Man. Such is the spirit that breathes in the exordium of “Endymion”—an exordium once read, never forgotten—

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
 Will trace the story of Endymion.
 The very music of the name has gone
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene
 Is growing fresh before me as the green
 Of our own valleys : so I will begin
 Now while I cannot hear the city's din ;
 Now while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue
 About old forests ; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber : and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,
 With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
 Hide in deep herbage ; and ere yet the bees
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half-finish'd : but let Autumn bold,
 With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.
 And now at once, adventuresome, I send
 My herald thought into a wilderness :
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
 My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
 Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed."

From this point we wind our way through several delicious verses, until we

come to a choral lyric addressed to Pan from his altar in a grove by priest and shepherd, and the shepherd-king, Endymion—a lyric, not without faults certainly, yet on the whole passing sweet. Rural games are then described, quaintly but not ably—in which, however, Endymion shares not. He sat apart with “the aged priest and shepherds gone in eld”—

“There they discoursed upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
And what our duties there: to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun’s purple couch; to emulate
In ministering the potent rule of fate
With speed of fire-tail’d exhalations;
To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
Sweet poesy by moonlight: besides these,
A world of other unguess’d offices.
Anon they wander’d, by divine converse,
Into Elysium; vying to rehearse
Each one his own anticipated bliss.
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick-gone love, among fair blossom’d boughs,
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming.
Another wish’d, ’mid that eternal spring,
To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales:
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;
And, ever after, through those regions be
His messenger, his little Mercury.
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow huntsmen o’er the wide champaign
In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And shared their famish’d scrips. Thus all out-told
Their fond imaginations—saving him
Whose eyelids curtain’d up their jewels dim,
Endymion: yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swoon’d off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden’s sigh, that grief itself embalms:
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept
Like one who on the earth had never slept.
Ay, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.”

Peona, Endymion’s sister, observing his mood, withdraws him from the scene, and proceeds with him in a shallop down a river to “a bowery island opposite,” and there in an arbour of her own hushes him to sleep; from which awakening, he gratefully promises her that he will be no more sad and solitary, but will resume the sports of the field, and closes with request-

ing that she will cheer him by playing to him on a lute, to which she consents, but soon breaks off the strain to question him of the cause of his melancholy. He tells her of a dream he once had—a dream within dream—a dream of Dian, and of her embracing him on an alp. Peona rebukes him for having “pierced high fronted honour to the quick, for nothing but a dream.” Endymion hereupon demands

“Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
 Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
 A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
 Full alchemized, and free of space. Behold
 The clear religion of heaven! Fold
 A rose leaf round thy finger’s taperness,
 And soothe thy lips: hist! when the airy stress
 Of music’s kiss impregnates the free winds,
 And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
 Æolian magic from their lucid wombs:
 Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
 Old ditties sigh above their father’s grave;
 Ghosts of melodious prophesyings rave
 Round every spot where trod Apollo’s foot;
 Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
 Where long ago a giant battle was;
 And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
 In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
 Feel we these things!—that moment have we stept
 Into a sort of oneness, and our state
 Is like a floating spirit’s. But there are
 Richer entanglements, enthrallments far
 More self-destroying, leading, by degrees,
 To the chief intensity: the crown of these
 Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
 Upon the forehead of humanity.
 All its more ponderous and bulky worth
 Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
 A steady splendour; but at the tip-top,
 There hangs by unseen film, an orbéd drop
 Of light, and that is love: its influence
 Thrown in our eyes genders a novel sense,
 At which we start and fret; till in the end,
 Melting into its radiance, we blend,
 Mingle, and so become a part of it.—
 Nor with aught else can our souls interknit
 So wingedly: when we combine therewith,
 Life’s self is nourish’d by its proper pith,
 And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.
 Ay, so delicious is the unsating food,
 That men, who might have tower’d in the van
 Of all the congregated world, to fan
 And winnow from the coming step of time
 All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
 Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
 Have been content to let occasion die,
 Whilst they did sleep in love’s elysium.
 And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
 Than speak against this ardent listlessness:
 For I have ever thought that it might bless
 The world with benefits unknowingly;
 As does the nightingale, up-perched high,

And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth :
What I know not : but who, of men can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?"

This is exquisite sentiment. Endymion then proceeds to give Peona reason for believing that his dream was not all a dream. Waking corroborations have been vouchsafed—nevertheless he will bid farewell to this visionary life—and hereupon they seek again their boat and return to land.

The following passage gives the moral to this most delicate of poems.

“ Whoso encamps
To take a fancied city of delight,
O what a wretch is he! and when 'tis his,
After long toil and travelling to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile!
Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil :
Another city doth he set about,
Free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt
That he will seize on trickling honey-combs :
Alas! he finds them dry; and then he foams,
And onward to another city speeds.
But this is human life : the war, the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,
All human; bearing in themselves this good,
That they are still the air, the subtle food,
To make us feel existence and to show
How quiet death is. Where soil is, men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers; but for me,
There is no depth to strike in : I can see
Nought earthly worth my compassing; so stand
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
Alone? No, no; and by the Orphean lute,
When mad Eurydice is listening to 't,
I'd rather stand upon this misty peak,
With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
Than be—I care not what. O meekest dove
Of heaven! O Cynthia, ten times bright and fair!
From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of tempered light
Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scared!
Yet do not so, sweet queen; one torment spared,
Would give a pang to jealous misery,
Worse than the torment's self: but rather tie
Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out
My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout

Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou,
 Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
 Not to have dipp'd in love's most gentle stream.
 O be propitious, nor severely deem
 My madness impious; for, by all the stars
 That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars
 That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
 Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky!
 How beautiful thou art! the world how deep!
 How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
 Around their axle! Then these gleaming reins,
 How lithe! When this thy chariot attains
 Its airy goal, haply some bower veils
 Those twilight eyes? Those eyes!—my spirit fails;
 Dear goddess, help! or the wide-gaping air
 Will gulf me—help!”—At this, with madden'd stare,
 And lifted hands, and trembling lips, he stood;
 Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
 Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
 And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
 A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone;
 Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passion'd moan
 Had more been heard. Thus swell'd it forth: ‘Descend,
 Young mountaineer! descend where alleys bend
 Into the sparry hollows of the world!
 Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurl'd
 As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
 A little lower than the chilly sheen
 Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
 Into the deadening ether that still charms
 Their marble being: now, as deep profound
 As those are high, descend! He ne'er is crown'd
 With immortality, who fears to follow
 Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
 The silent mysteries of earth, descend!’”

Endymion, previously to the utterance of the above soliloquy, has been guided by a butterfly to a fountain's side, at which arriving, the aery voyager disappeared. As invited, the prince descends, and passes through mysterious places, charmed as he goes with strains of sweetest music, which

“Came more softly than the east could blow
 Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles;
 Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
 Of throned Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
 To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
 Who loved—and music slew not? 'Tis the pest
 Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
 That things of delicate and tenderest worth
 Are swallowed all, and made a seared dearth,
 By one consuming flame: it doth immerse
 And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
 Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
 Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
 Dew-dropping melody, in the Carian's ear;
 First heaven, then hell, and then forgotten clear,
 Vanish'd in elemental passion.

And down some swart abysm he had gone,
Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
Brushing, awaken'd : then the sounds again
Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain
Over a bower, where little space he stood ;
For as the sunset peeps into a wood,
So saw he panting light, and towards it went
Through winding alleys ; and lo, wonderment !
Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there,
Cupids a slumbering on their pinions fair.

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle-wall'd, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside :
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty ; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach :
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ancles pointing light ;
But rather, giving them to the fill'd sight
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumb'ry pout ; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal ; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and tramell'd fresh :
The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine ;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush ;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush ;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily ;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber ; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair ; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes."

It is Adonis sleeping his winter-sleep out ; but now it is nearly his time of awaking, and ere long Venus descends, and after having entranced her reviving lover in a mysterious embrace, commends Endymion to her son, as the beloved of some immortal ; though of which goddess he is the chosen, the queen of beauty is yet ignorant. These visions pass, others follow—the strangest, yet

of the most classical kind—the float of Thetis—flowers—peacocks—swans
and naiads—founts Protean—mother Cybele—

“ Alone—alone—

In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale,
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
In another gloomy arch.”

Having lost his way amid these wonders, Endymion prays to Jupiter, who sends an eagle to his assistance, between whose wings he rides divinely, albeit in a downward direction. At length he is landed in “a jasmine bower, all bestrown with golden moss,” and anon, stretching his arms in an indolent mood, finds a naked goddess within them, himself too within hers. The “two bubbling springs of talk that ran from their sweet lips,” is not for our transcription. Suffice it, that the deity wishes to remain nameless and unknown to her mortal lover. The poet then thus beautifully allegorizes the origin of this love-story :

“ Ye who have yearn'd

With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind into a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught as he was journeying
To Phœbus' shrine; and in it he did fling
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
And after, straight in that inspired place
He sang the story up into the air,
Giving it universal freedom. There
Has it been ever sounding for those ears
Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
Yon sentinel stars; and he who listens to it
Must surely be self-doom'd or he will rue it:
For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
Should be engulfed in the eddying wind.
As much as here is penn'd doth always find
A resting-place, thus much comes clear and plain;
Anon the strange voice is upon the wane—
And 'tis but echoed from departing sound,
That the fair visitant at last unwound
Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.”

Endymion finds himself once more alone—alone—but O! how changed! Love's madness, like that of the tortured lion, had changed to a love that was dove-like;—for he has “*drunken of pleasure's nipple!*” But he is not left uncheered—the loves of Alpheus and Arethusa, are sung in his ear, and permitted to his sight—and his soul is moved to pity. Ere long, visions of earth vanish, and he beholds “the giant sea above his head.”

Two more books remain for analysis. The poet describes the symptoms of love observable in Cynthia's influences—on cloud—on wave—and wood—every night she sends—

"A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world,
To find Endymion."

And thus it is that the love-sick goddess "soothes her light against his pallid face." Morning comes, and Endymion is a wanderer again, expressing upon occasions his perplexed feelings in these words:—

"What is there in thee, moon! that thou shouldst move
My heart so potently? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
Thou seem'dst my sister: hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously:
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou lifted'st up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing-time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
And, in the summer-tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours; thou wast the deep glen;
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:—
Thou wast the charm of woman, lovely moon!
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality: I prest
Nature's soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
But gentle orb! there came a nearer bliss—
My strange love came—Felicity's abyss!
She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
Yet not entirely; no, thy starry sway
Has been an under-passion to this hour.
Now I begin to feel thine orby power
Is coming fresh upon me: O be kind!
Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
That I can think away from thee and live!—
Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize
One thought beyond thine argent luxuries!
How far beyond!"

How far beyond this his raptures would have carried him there is no knowing, had they not been stopped by the presence of Glaucus, of whom the description is exceedingly grand; one who had forsaken an earthly Scylla for the watery Circe: hateful witch, whose beauty turned to ugliness, and whose spite then changed him from young to old, from motive to sedentary, dooming the spell to hold dominion on him for a thousand years, having first paralyzed

him with the touch and sight of his drowned Scylla. The arrival of Endymion, however, puts an end to the dread palsy under which poor Glaucus had so long suffered. For on a time when a certain shipwreck had passed before his eyes, a scroll was given to Glaucus commanding him to lay all shipwrecked lovers side by side in the crystal temple wherein he had already deposited his own wronged Scylla, until the coming of Endymion. The commissioned youth performs the required ceremonies, and Glaucus is not only restored to youthful vigour and grace, but Scylla is revived to partake his affection. Continuing to scatter "minced leaves" on the other lovers, a general resurrection ensues. All proceed in order, a beautiful array of reanimated lovers, until they reach the palaces of Neptune, and adore the god on his throne, accompanied with Cupid and Venus, and ministered unto by Triton, the Nereids and the Syrens. Venus speaks words of hope to Endymion; she has found reason to suspect a certain goddess, and so forth—and full soon the youth may expect his immortality. A hymn is sung to Neptune—a magnificent lyric, which is broken in upon by pageants of Oceanus, and Amphitrite, and by Endymion's swooning. The style of this book is of a much severer kind than that of the two preceding.

Endymion is nestled pleasantly in a grassy retirement, paying his vows to heaven, when he is greeted with aerial words. No! not aerial! They proceed from an Indian damsel, and her plainings put the fidelity of Endymion's first love to much trial. 'Faith! but he is sorely tempted; nay, he loves beyond doubt the strange maiden. She sings him a song of sorrow, too;—a wild thing. Here it is—

"O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—

To give maiden blushes

To the white rose bushes?

Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—

To give the glow-worm light?

Or, on a moonless night,

To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—

To give at evening pale

Unto the nightingale,

That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?

A lover would not tread

A cowslip on the head,

Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—

Nor any drooping flower

Held sacred for thy bower,

Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow

I bade good morrow,

And thought to leave her far away behind;

But cheerly, cheerly,

She loves me dearly;

She is so constant to me, and so kind :

I would deceive her,

And so leave her,

But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,

I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide

There was no one to ask me why I wept—

And so I kept

Brimming the water-lily cups with tears

Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,

I sat a weeping : what enamour'd bride,

Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,

But hides and shrouds

Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side !

And as I sat, over the light blue hills

There came a noise of revellers : the rills

Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

'Twas Bacchus and his crew !

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills

From kissing cymbals made a merry din—

'Twas Bacchus and his kin !

Like to a moving vintage down they came,

Crown'd with green leaves, the faces all on flame ;

All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy !

O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !

And I forgot thee, as the berried holly

By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,

Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon :—

I rush'd into the folly !

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,

Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,

With sidelong laughing ;

And little rills of crimson wine imbrued

His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white

For Venus' pearly bite ;

And near him rode Silenus on his ass,

Pelted with flowers as he on did pass

Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry damsels ! whence came ye,

So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your bowers desolate,

Your lutes, and gentler fate ?

We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,

A conquering !

Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,

We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide :

Come hither, lady fair, and joined be

To our wild minstrelsy !

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye,

So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left

Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ?—

For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;

For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms ;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ;
 Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth !
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our mad minstrelsy !

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants :
 Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil :
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains ;
 A three days' journey in a moment done ;
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
 I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring !
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
 The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearled hail ;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.
 Into these regions came I, following him,
 Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear,
 Alone, without a peer :
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

Young stranger !
 I've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime ;
 Alas ! 'tis not for me :
 Bewitch'd I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow,
 Sweetest Sorrow !
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :
 I thought to leave thee,
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,
 No, no, not one

But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade."

He is now reduced completely under her dominion. Then comes Mercury, crying, "Wo, wo, to that Endymion! where is he?" and finding him he charms from the ground two jet-black steeds for the service of the lovers. They mount up into air on the back of these magic coursers. Sleep comes also to their help, and Endymion dreams of a familiar introduction into heaven, of Phœbus, of Pallas, of Hebe, of the four seasons and chief of Dian—the crowning object of his heart's one love. But he awakes, and is subsequently led into a state of Hades, from which emerging, he is treated with a "skyey mask," in honour of some feast of Dian that is toward; while songs are sung touching "Cynthia's wedding;" in the midst whereof the steeds plunge down and land Endymion and his Indian maid on "the green head of a misty hill." Now, thinks he, that his love for Dian was altogether visionary, and that he will find happiness in his Indian maid. "I," he exclaims—

"I have clung
To nothing, loved a nothing, nothing seen
Or felt but a great dream! Oh, I have been
Presumptuous against love, against the sky,
Against all elements, against the tie
Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
Of heroes gone! Against his proper glory
Has my own soul conspired: so my story
Will I to children utter, and repent.
There never lived a mortal man, who bent
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing; gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewell!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast
My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee; and therefore
Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store
All through the teeming year: so thou wilt shine
On me, and on this damsel fair of mine,
And bless our simple lives. My Indian bliss!
My river-lily bud! one human kiss!
One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze,
Warm as a dove's nest among summer trees,
And warm with dew at ooze from living blood!"

He is, however, perplexed with the recollection that just ere his transit into Hades, her body had melted away into a crescent—in fact, had "fainted gaunt and spare in the cold moonshine." This he dismisses, however, as a dream—and, ere long finding himself in his own land, he perceives Peona—his loving sister! How she welcomes him, how she welcomes too his bride, as she supposes the Indian maid to be. She tells him also that

——— "On this very night will be
 A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light;
 For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
 Good visions in the air,—whence will befall,
 As say these sages, health perpetual
 To shepherds and their flocks; and furthermore,
 In Dian's face they read the gentle lore:
 Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
 Our friends will all be there from nigh and far.
 Many upon thy death have ditties made;
 And many, even now, their foreheads shade
 With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
 New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,
 And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows.
 Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse
 This wayward brother to his rightful joys!
 His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poise
 His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
 To lure—Endymion, dear brother, say
 What ails thee?"

Endymion is moody; in presence of actual joys, he still pines for the ideal. There are higher pleasures than the earthly. What says the Indian maid to this? Like one resigned and bent by circumstance, she vows to take the veil.

——— "Thus, that meek unknown:
 Ay, but a buzzing by my ears has flown,
 Of jubilee to Dian:—truth I heard!
 Well then, I see there is no little bird,
 Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
 Long have I sought for rest, and unaware,
 Behold I find it! so exalted too!
 So after my own heart! I knew, I knew
 There was a place untenanted in it;
 In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
 And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
 With sanest lips I vow me to the number
 Of Dian's sisterhood; and kind lady,
 With thy good help, this very night shall see
 My future days to her fane consecrate."

There is no help for it—the concluding paragraph of the poem must be quoted *in extenso*.

"As feels a dreamer what doth most create
 His own particular fright, so these three felt:
 Or like one who, in after ages, knelt
 To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
 After a little sleep: or when in mine
 Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
 Who know him not. Each diligently bends
 Towards common thoughts and things for very fear;
 Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
 By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
 That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
 Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last
 Endymion said: Are not our fates all cast?
 Why stand we here? Adieu, ye tender pair!
 Adieu! Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,

Walk'd dizzily away. Pained and hot
His eyes went after them, until they got
Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
In one swift moment, would what then he saw
Engulf for ever. Stay! he cried, ah, stay!
Turn, damsels! hist! one word I have to say:
Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again.
It is a thing I dote on: so I'd fain,
Peona, ye should hand in hand repair,
Into those holy groves that silent are
Behind great Dian's temple. I'll be yon,
At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone—
But once, once, once again— At this he prest
His hands against his face, and then did rest
His head upon a mossy hillock green,
And so remain'd as he a corpse had been
All the long day; save when he scantily lifted
His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted
With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
Until the poplar tops, in journey dreary,
Had reach'd the river's brim. Then up he rose,
And, slowly as that very river flows,
Walk'd towards the temple-grove with this lament.
Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.
Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possest,
But at the setting I must bid adieu
To her for the last time. Night will strew
On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves
To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.
Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour-roses;
My kingdom's at its death, and just it is
That I should die with it: so in all this
We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heart-break, woe,
What is there to plain of? By Titan's foe
I am but rightly served. So saying, he
Tripp'd lightly on, in sort of deathful glee;
Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
As though they jests had been: nor had he done
His laugh at nature's holy countenance,
Until that grove appear'd as if perchance,
And then his tongue with sober seemlied
Gave utterance as he enter'd: Ha! he said,
King of the butterflies; but by this gloom,
And by old Rhadamanthus' tongue of doom
This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
And the Promethean clay by thief endued,
By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
Myself to things of light from infancy;
And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
Is sure enough to make a mortal man
Grow impious. So he inwardly began

On things for which no wording can be found;
 Deeper and deeper sinking, until drown'd
 Beyond the reach of music: for the choir
 Of Cynthia he heard not, though rough brier
 Nor muffling thicket interposed to dull
 The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,
 Through the dark pillars of those silvan aisles.
 He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
 Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight
 By chilly-fingered spring. Unhappy wight!
 Endymion! said Peona, we are here!
 What wouldst thou ere we all are laid on bier?
 Then he embraced her, and his lady's hand
 Press'd, saying: Sister, I would have command,
 If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate.
 At which that dark-eyed stranger stood elate
 And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,
 To Endymion's amaze: By Cupid's dove,
 And so thou shalt! and by the lily truth
 Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth!
 And as she spake, into her face there came
 Light, as reflected from a silver flame:
 Her long black hair swell'd ampler, in display
 Full golden; in her eyes a brighter day
 Dawn'd blue, and full of love. Ay, he beheld
 Phœbe, his passion! joyous she upheld
 Her lucid bow, continuing thus: Drear, drear
 Has our delaying been! but foolish fear
 Withheld me first; and then decrees of fate;
 And then 'twas fit that from this mortal state
 Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlook'd-for change
 Be spiritualized. Peona, we shall range
 These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
 As was thy cradle; hither shalt thou flee
 To meet us many a time. Next Cynthia bright
 Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good night:
 Her brother kiss'd her too, and knelt adown
 Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
 She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
 Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
 They vanish'd far away!—Peona went
 Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment."

And thus ends this most voluptuously delicate of all living poems!—this spiritualization of a mythologic theme. What if it be too shadowy and ideal for popular apprehension? Why it is its merit—it was not written for the profane. Not exoteric, but a thoroughly esoteric production, it belongs to the initiate, and is beloved by the worshippers behind the veil. We loved it in our youth—we love it now—in manhood. See ye not what the poet has shadowed in the shadowy? The influence of the ideal on aspiring virtue—the difficulty in its realization—the substitution we make for it, and our consequent infidelity to the original—the merely apparent nature of that infidelity—the simple inadequacy of the type, and yet its symbolical truth—and lastly the identification of the sign with the thing signified. The Indian maid and Diana are one.

True lover, or poet, or religious man, political reformer or conservative! is there one who experiences not the truth of this? Let each rejoice in the wife of his bosom, whether it be a true woman, or a poem, or a creed, or a charter, or an institution. What if none of these answer fully to the idea

which they would embody? All words made flesh are touched with the feeling of mortal infirmity—and await the redemption of the body. Consummation is promised and will come—to every one. We are all Endymions—and “from this mortal state” shall, like him, “by some unlooked-for change be spiritualized.”

In interpreting Keats' *Endymion*, we have, in fact, interpreted all his other poems. *Lamia*, *Isabella*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes*, are similar expressions of like pious sentiments, differing only from the *Endymion* in this;—that whatever is faulty in it, whether regarding style or diction, is in them thoroughly corrected. The most fastidious reader has no right to complain. Concerning the *Hyperion*, all that can be said is that it is a blank verse fragment, leaving far behind and beneath it every attempt of modern times. It is severe—solemn—sublime! Keats stood alone in *Hyperion*, the Titan of another world, and yet on ours. Among his miscellaneous poems are some juvenile verses, which, probably, excited against him the animosity of those critics who worshipped Pope idolatrously.

“Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds? Has she not sworn us all?
From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding? From the meaning
Of Jove's large eyebrow, to the tender greening
Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of harmony, to where it aye will poise
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
Eternally around a dizzy void?
Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh cloy'd
With honours; nor had any other care
Than to sing out and soothe their wavy hair.

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories: with a puling infant's force
They sway'd about upon a rocking-horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal-soul'd!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer night collected still to make
The morning precious: Beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake! But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,

And did not know it,—no, they went about,
Holding a poor, decrepid standard out,
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau!

O ye whose charge
It is to hover round our pleasant hills!
Whose congregated majesty so fills
My boundly reverence, that I cannot trace
Your hallow'd names, in this unholy place,
So near those common folk; did not their shames
Affright you? Did our old lamenting Thames
Delight you! did ye never cluster round
Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
And weep? Or did ye wholly bid adieu
To regions where no more the laurel grew?
Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
To some lone spirits who could proudly sing
Their youth away, and die? 'Twas even so:
But let me think away those times of woe:
Now 'tis a fairer season; ye have breathed
Rich benedictions o'er us; ye have wreathed
Fresh garlands: for sweet music has been heard
In many places; some has been upstirr'd
From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
By a swan's ebon hill; from a thick brake,
Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth: happy are ye and glad.
These things are, doubtless: yet in truth we've had
Strange thunders from the potency of song;
Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
Are ugly cubs, the Poets' Polyphemes
Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.
The very archings of her eyelids charm
A thousand willing agents to obey,
And still she governs with the mildest sway;
But strength alone though of the Muses born
Is like a fallen angel: trees uptorn,
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs
And thorns of life; forgetting the great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man."

We have left ourselves no more space than just enough to commend from among Keats' miscellaneous poems the *Odes To a Nightingale*, *To Pysche*, and *On a Grecian Urn*—nearly all the sonnets, and any half dozen of the other pieces that may most please the reader's fancy. Not one of them but is good for something.

THE PLASTIC ARTS, AND ARTS OF DESIGN ;

IN REFERENCE TO POPULAR EDUCATION.*

THIS book professes to comprise the first part only of a work on the subject of "The Fine Arts in England, their state and prospects considered relatively to National Education." The writer is thoroughly acquainted with his argument and not a little enthusiastic in his objects and motives. He quotes from Browning's *Paracelsus*—

—— " Progress is
The law of life.—Man is not man as yet,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness—here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its crawling fellows
When all the race is perfected alike
(As *man*, that is) then in completed man
Begins anew a tendency to God."

It is interesting to consider the several relations in which the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture have been, or may become, the subject-matter, either of legislative enactment, or of the administrative care of government. A select committee, as our readers know, have instituted an inquiry into the means of popularly extending artistic knowledge. A taste for the beautiful should be generally cultivated—and employed in purposes religious or national as the handmaid of the highest excellence conceivable by man. It is the duty of government to remove all obstructions in the way of its attainment in the first place—and in the second to provide facilities, such as public galleries and museums, and to take advantage of all opportunities afforded by useful and necessary public works, for the adequate employment of that highest order of genius, which, even under the happiest circumstances, merely private and individual patronage will always leave in comparative neglect.

The laws of copyright and letters-patent have an important bearing upon the arts, and must be much amended. The excise duties on bricks, glass, and paper have an injurious tendency. All improvements in these articles rest the question mainly on the simple grounds of protection to property, and freedom of industry. But, moreover, it is a duty incumbent upon the state to promote the universal education of the people by all means within its power. "We have no want," exclaims our author, "so great, and so urgent, as this of a truly national education. Many noble-minded men, and women too,—for in this work they must take no unimportant part—are devoting their best energies to its realization; and believing, as I devoutly do, that man's aspirations are God's promises, I cannot doubt of their full and enduring success."

Schools of designs are desirable for the training of industrial artists, in addition to public galleries and museums, for which all experience proves no adequate provision can be made except by governments. Of a *Museum of British History*, we have not even the beginning.

The *National Gallery* is deficient in the chief masters of the Roman or of the Florentine schools, which possess the qualities most needed in England to counteract the prevalent defects of our native artists. The catalogue of this collection needs correction and arrangement. A tabular chronological view of the schools of art, in connexion with the leading personages and events of the several periods, would prove a useful feature in catalogues

* The Administrative Economy of the Fine Arts in England. By EDWARD EDWARDS, of the British Museum. London: Saunders and Otley, 1840.

intended for popular use. Mr. Edwards approves of the proposition for opening the *British Museum* on Sunday.

Admitting that the Royal Academy works well, Mr. Edwards, nevertheless, is of opinion that the union of powers to confer honour, and grant exhibition, is to place not alone the professional distinction, but also the very means of subsistence of the rising artist, at the absolute disposal of a body of men at once his competitors and his judges.

"But," continues the writer, "it must ever be remembered that academies are but one link in the chain of means to this end. It were vain indeed to educate artists, and to confer on them the marks of distinction, if such employment be not afforded them as is calculated to call forth their highest powers. This employment, on any extensive scale, can only be afforded by the state."

Among the subjects left open to modern artists, Mr. Edwards suggests representations of an expected immortality, as a great and almost untrodden field.

The state should provide a *Gallery of National Honour* worthy of the British people. The French have the Pantheon, the Germans their Walhalla; Britain, however, has consecrated no edifice to the memory of the men who have made her what she is.

But it is in connexion with popular education that the entire argument rises into due importance. "The highest value of the arts of design consists," says our author, "not in their power to minister to the luxury and splendour of the few, but in their eminent capability to promote the fitting culture and education of all—to contribute to what Milton calls *the inbreeding and cherishing into a people of the seeds of virtue and public civility*;—our survey naturally lands us in the question,—How near are we to the possession of an adequate system of means and appliances for the obtaining of a truly educated people?"

To the requisite organization of such a system the state must afford some aid. What control a particular church shall have is matter of question, but religion should have supreme authority. Amongst the adjuncts and supplemental means, are schools of design, mechanics' institutions, Lyceums, free exhibitions, public galleries and museums, and the cultivation of music.

"Vocal music," says Mr. Edwards, "if adapted to songs or odes of a popular and inspiring kind, is a most powerful adjunct to national education. The effect of Luther's hymns, and of some of Klopstock's odes (for example) on the German people has been remarkable; and Herder, in speaking of it, has beautifully observed on the grandeur of the task of 'filling a youthful mind with songs, which shall dwell with it life-long, inciting it to virtue, affording it consolation, and being to it as undying voices, alike while doing and while suffering, in life and in death.' The man who shall do this for England has yet to appear."

We quote the conclusion of this book with great delight.

"At no period was ever a truly complete and generous education more wanted for all men than now. *We live under the dynasty of the understanding, and this is its golden age.** Every where we see triumphant the faculty of means to ends, which are themselves medial. Every where man's dominion over brute matter is rapidly extending itself, but often at a cost which, for the time, is indeed fearful. As the struggle of daily existence becomes keener, and occupies thought and action more and more engrossingly, it surely becomes of gravest importance to make every possible provision for those highest faculties—the sovereign REASON—the IMAGINATION—the SOUL.

"But if such provision be made; if a truly qualificative education—quali-

* Coleridge.

ficative not alone for time, but for eternity, bringing out that whole humanity which lies in every man—be placed within every man's reach, as far as by human arrangements it can so be placed, then how wide and glorious the prospect opened up by this increasing subjection of the material forms of nature to the will of man! It were scarcely a bold figure to say, that for us, as compared with the men of antiquity, time and space are almost annihilated. We, indeed, are cosmopolites, for we live less in England, or in Europe, than in the world, which we traverse at our will. We live, too, in intimate communion with the greatest minds of all past ages, and the records of those ages lie unrolled at our feet."

A Sister's Love; a Poem. By Guido Sorelli. London: Rolandi. 1840.

A prettily versified poem, in Italian and English, in blank verse, recording the affection of the sister of Silvio Pellico, who, when she heard of her brother's imprisonment, resolved no longer to enjoy the sweets of freedom, and accordingly enclosed herself within the walls of a nunnery.

Sketches of Country Life, and Country Manners. By One of the Old School. London: Rivington. 1840.

A very pleasing little volume.

A Patriot's Fourth Letter to the British People. By Sir William Boyd. Third Edition. London: Wilson. 1840.

"*Let us thank God for books,*" exclaims the author of the little pamphlet before us. Ay, we rejoin, if we have with them that which will enable us to interpret them. Plain enough is it, that books alone are far from being productive of unmixed good.

A New General Biographical Dictionary. Projected and partly arranged by the late Rev. Hugh James Rose, B. D., Principal of King's College, London. London: Fellows. 1840.

An exceedingly useful and well-conducted work. We wish to its proprietors every success, as it seems likely to supply a *desideratum* hitherto too much wanted in the English literature. The articles on the German and Italian authors display extensive knowledge and research. In the biographical department there is occasionally a tone of sentiment which is very pleasing.

The Return to England. A Tale of the Fourth Year after the Battle of Waterloo. By a Friend of the Service. 2 vols. London: Cadell. 1840.

The Preface to this book almost disarms criticism. "Though given as a tale," says the author, "it is in some of its main parts founded on facts." Much, it seems, of its materials were derived from other than fictitious sources, and most of its characters have, or have had, their living prototypes. If this is indeed true, we must say such events do not happen every day. But, as the writer has observed, there is "no tragedy more tragic—no comedy more comic—no romance more romantic than those of real life." In style and arrangement, the author has evidently chosen Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* as his model—a work which, although most beautiful in itself, will hardly bear to be imitated. It stands alone, and must ever do so.

The Forget Me Not. A Christmas, Birthday's and New Year's Present for 1841. Edited by FREDERICK SHOBERL. London: Ackermann.

This most elegant annual is still going on its way rejoicing. It sets before its readers for the present year, a sufficiently agreeable array of tales and slight poetical pieces, illustrated by the usual number of engravings. Of these some are of great merit.

The Juvenile Album, or Tales from Far and Near. By MRS. R. LEE. London: Ackermann. 1841.

A very tastefully got-up little volume, containing pretty tales, and still prettier pictures, for the amusement of such members of the rising generation as may possess literary tastes or a predilection for gaily bound books.

The Morning Star, or Phalansterian Gazette. A Weekly Herald of Universal Principles and Progressive Association. Edited by HUGH DOHERTY. No. 1.

This is a periodical devoted to the advancement of progressive association according to the principles of Fourier, which have already received some notice from our hands in our earlier numbers. It has no connexion with the Owenites, and is conducted with a great deal of talent.

A FEW WORDS ON THE THEATRES.

THE theatres are again driven back on revivals. Miss Ellen Tree has left Covent Garden for the provinces until January next; and the establishment seek to occupy the interval with the performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Spanish Curate," slightly altered, by the change of Bartolus' wife into his ward (a little awkwardly though for certain parts of the dialogue), the re-disposition of some of the scenes, and the omission of the entire scene of the lawyer's characteristic revenge in the fifth act. Revivals from Beaumont and Fletcher—from Ben Jonson and Massinger, are less objectionable than from Shakspeare, because the public is less acquainted with them, and needs teaching how opulent the British drama really is! With such resources, in fact, it is ignominious for an English theatre to fail; it requires the most inveterate mismanagement to achieve the disgrace. That theatrical speculations have so seldom succeeded in this country condemns sufficiently the course of conduct hitherto pursued.

The *dramatis personæ* of the "Spanish Curate" are remarkably well suited for the Covent Garden Company. Mr. Farren, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Mathews, and Madame Vestris, are almost all that is desirable.

At the Haymarket, *Master Clarke* was a worthy attempt on the part of the author, spoiled by the interference of which we complained in our last number. Mr. Webster has accordingly fallen back on Lord Byron's "Werner." Mr. Macready's and Mrs. Warner's performances no terms can sufficiently praise. Mr. Wallack's *Ulric* was capital; and Mr. Phelps' *Gabor* quite justified our opinion of the actor's great talents. We take credit to ourselves for having demanded that justice should be done to this performer. It is thus that the weapons of criticism should be wielded.

Drury Lane is occupied with Promenade Concerts, under the name of *Concerts d'Hiver*. Mr. Eliason deserves much encouragement for his exertions, though we wish that he had another arena for their display. He has secured the assistance too of Musard himself. The energy with which Musard conducts the band is a pleasure of itself to contemplate. His arrangement of the first grand fantasia, from

Meyerbeer's opera, "*Les Huguenots*," is very satisfactory, and the performance of it gave us great delight. Music has charms—and our soul is no deaf adder.

But proper things in proper places. Dramatic production must be no longer a matter of private speculation. A spirit is in arms, that shows all is not right in the theatrical Denmark. It appears now to one, and then to another. We have seen—and heard it—and have testified thereof. We have received also the testimony of other eye and ear-witnesses. The great cause we have in hand brings to us utter strangers, who take and give good counsel. Plans, more or less laudable, are on foot. One of the best is the following.

"DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

"It is much to be lamented that the noblest and most intellectual of our national amusements should now be approaching fast towards total oblivion; that the legitimate drama, at one period the centre of attraction for elegance, talent, and respectability, is now abandoned to its fate, and our principal theatres appropriated to the paltry purposes of Promenade Concerts, or the profligate designs of low assemblages, termed Masquerades.

"A profession once adorned by names imperishable, an example of morality and excellence, has now to seek encouragement in foreign lands, to make way for foreign innovators, and the present caprice, already surfeited with the flimsy productions of other nations. In these days of advancement, both of education and science, our native talent, were it fostered and encouraged, would break forth with an unexampled brilliancy; even our own day affords specimens of professional talent, if not superior, at least equal to the days of a Siddons, a Garrick, and a Kemble.

"It is proposed therefore, with the hope of restoring and preserving to the British Public the most rational of their amusements, the legitimate drama in its pristine excellence, and of affording to native talent those opportunities to which its genius and great respectability entitle it, to form an Association for the purpose of carrying out these objects, and of obviating the many difficulties that exist in the present theatrical system.

"It is contemplated that the proposed Association should become Lessees of those Metropolitan Theatres which are at present unlet, and open negotiations with the occupiers of those already under lease, which should be refitted and managed under judicious revision, with greater regard to the comfort and convenience of every class of the public, and a more striking effect in their design and appearance.

"That a supreme direction should be formed from the principal Nobility and Gentry, patrons of the Drama; to consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, and Council, and that the general management should be vested in a Committee, composed principally of the most talented and experienced Members of the Theatrical Profession. (?)

"That greater emolument should be offered to native performers of acknowledged talent than is at present given, that premiums should be awarded for dramatic productions of merit, and that encouragement be held out to dramatic authors.

"That for the purpose of fostering and maturing talent, Schools for Theatrical Education be formed, under proper superintendence, where a refined and classical taste should be cultivated, and practical opportunities afforded to the student for gaining a thorough knowledge in that branch of the profession, to which their peculiar talent renders them most suited—that periodical examinations should take place, and honorary distinctions be awarded as a stimulus to aspiring genius.

"That an effective and respectable Agency should be formed at home and

abroad, for the purpose of procuring the greatest novelties, and the most acknowledged talent in all its branches.

"That the different theatres in possession of the Association should be appropriated, severally and distinctly, to the purposes of Tragedy, Comedy, Operas, and other novelties.

"That the capital of the Association should be commensurate with the great objects intended, which it is hoped will be viewed not merely as a patriotic undertaking, but under judicious management, as likely to prove a profitable investment to the shareholders.

"A more detailed Prospectus will shortly be issued."

AFFAIRS OF THE LEVANT AND OF SPAIN.

ORDINARY politicians are now at their wit's end to comprehend the present situation of the several nations of Europe. Never was it so unsafe to prophecy—never was it so uncertain what the morrow may produce. These are but signs of the times—times more important than perhaps any which have preceded them. No longer has the contest for its object the aggrandizement of any particular nation or dynasty—it is a deadly struggle for *principles*.

The dispute about Mohammad Alee, which at present painfully engages the attention of the whole of Europe, owes much of its importance to this fact. That, abstractedly speaking, Mohammad Alee is fairly entitled to be declared independent of the Porte, few will deny. The rights of the governors and the governed are reciprocal. The former, in return for the obedience of the latter, are bound to afford them protection for their lives and properties; and as on the part of the subject a failure in obedience forfeits the right of receiving protection, so an inability to protect on the part of the sovereign, absolves his people from their allegiance. It therefore being quite evident that the sultan never could govern or protect his Egyptian and Syrian subjects, they were undoubtedly justified in transferring their fealty to any prince who could establish an efficient and regular administration. This is the abstract state of the case with regard to the justice or injustice of the pacha's proceedings; but, as usual, justice is thrown overboard, and expediency is enthroned in her stead.

That there should be many contradictory opinions concerning what is expedient, and what is inexpedient, is only natural; nor can we be surprised that in such a case England and France should disagree. The tendencies of the one are comparatively conservative—the other, for ever changing, is not likely to oppose change elsewhere. Hence, although both profess to be exceedingly anxious that the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire should be maintained, they are at daggers drawn when the means of preserving the said integrity and independence are broached.

But, in reality, much that is said of the independence and integrity of Turkey is exceedingly vague and shadowy. The best method to preserve its independence is to permit the sultan and Mohammad to decide their disputes as they can. In the words of M. Thiers, "the viceroy of Egypt has founded an empire with genius and constancy. He has learned to govern Egypt and Syria, which the sultans could

never govern. The Mussulmans, long since humiliated in their noble pride, behold in him a glorious prince, who restores to them the sentiment of their force." He is the only Ottoman prince who has any innate strength—who can exist without the protection of other states—who can defend himself from a foreign foe. Surely to destroy him would be to prostrate the last remains of the ancient Mohammedan energy. Yes, but Mohammad Alee is a rebellious vassal, who threatens the dismemberment of his master's empire, and it is not expedient that such dismemberment should be allowed. Fatal, however, for this argument is the fact that if events had been allowed to take their natural course, no dismemberment had been possible. The Egyptian viceroy is not the first Turkish pacha who has successfully rebelled against the sultan, advanced upon Constantinople, and made and remade sultans at his pleasure. On all these occasions the very success has preserved the integrity of the empire; for Constantinople, whoever might be its master, still remained the centre of power. If the other nations, after having compelled Russia to remain neutral, had left the sultan and his viceroy to settle their dispute between themselves, the result would have been just the same as it always has been. Ibrahim, in 1833, would have entered Constantinople, and Mohammad Alee would have been the dictator of Turkey. What dismemberment would have then taken place?—how then would the integrity of the Turkish empire have been menaced? And what does it matter to the Christian nations who the Mussulmans may choose to obey as their sultan, so that such sultan preserves his independence? How many Ottoman emperors have ascended the throne by deposing their predecessors?—How many usurpations are recorded in the Turkish annals? And if it is *expedient* to preserve the Ottoman independence, surely we are more likely to obtain that object by supporting him who is already at the head of victorious armies, than a boy-sovereign, who is hated by his own subjects through his father's ill-timed reforms?

This seems to be much the view of France; but fearing that if Ibrahim was at any time to advance upon the capital, Russia would be too ready to afford the sultan an exclusive and fatal protection, she agrees that Mohammad should still continue the hereditary vassal of Turkey, although she will not consent to any further measure of coercion. She considers that as it is impossible the sultan should ever be enabled to maintain the direct administration of Egypt and Syria, the power of Mohammad in those provinces is rather a safeguard to the integrity of Turkey than otherwise. "Why weaken," asks M. Thiers, "this useful vassal, who, once separated by a well-selected frontier from the states of his master, will become for him the most precious of all auxiliaries? He aided the sultan in his struggle against Greece, why then should he not help him in his struggle against neighbours of a different faith? His own interest answers for him in doubt of his fidelity. When Constantinople shall be menaced, Alexandria will be in danger. Mohammad Alee knows this very well; he shows every day that he is well aware of it. It is necessary to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire, from Constantinople to Alexandria—it is necessary, at the same time, to save the sultan and the pacha of Egypt, the latter submitting to the former by a feudal tie.

The Taurus is the line of separation indicated between them. But it is thought to take from the pacha of Egypt the keys of the Taurus. Be it so. Let them be restored to the Porte, and for that let the district of Adana be taken from Mohammad Alee. They also wish to take from him the keys of the Archipelago. Let them refuse him Candia—he consents to it. France, who did, in fact, promise her moral influence to the treaty of the 15th of July, but who gives it all to peace, has advised Mohammad Alee to make these sacrifices, and he has made them. But, in truth, to take from him two or three pachalics, and not to give them to the sultan, but to anarchy—to ensure the singular triumph of integrity, already deprived of Greece, of Egypt, of the pachalic of Acre, to call upon this integrity the only serious danger which menaces it, which England found so dangerous last year, and to prevent which it proposed to force the Dardanelles, is an extraordinary means to provide for its great interests." Most true!

Even the enemies of the viceroy are fain to confess that the advantages of his rule are greater than its disadvantages. This, however, is not, by any means, a fair appreciation of a man like Mohammad Alee. Although his sway is a despotism, perhaps rigid as that he has supplanted, yet it must be remembered it is a strong and vigorous, not a weak and vacillating one; while by striving to introduce European customs and feelings, he is gradually preparing for the subversion of all arbitrary power. Worse than absurd would it be to imagine that a people, who had, for centuries, been the oppressed slaves of proud and ignorant masters, could be induced to take even the first steps towards self-elevation, unless guided, nay goaded on, by a mighty, unswerving, and reckless hand. Upon this point it is that the pacha is the most sensitive. He is anxious that his name should go down to posterity, not as a successful rebel, but as a fearless renovator. Unjustifiable as may have been many of his actions, this has been their single end; and he is well aware that if he does not succeed in consolidating his throne, and with it the ameliorations he has effected in Egypt, mankind will be little disposed to pay to his memory that honour of which he is so ambitious. After a life spent in toil and danger, he wishes to be remembered as a benefactor, instead of a troubler of mankind.

The newspaper press has fully discussed the merits of M. Thiers and Lord Palmerston, but with little perception of the philosophical point involved in the dispute. Probably, neither has done more than he was required by his peculiar position to do. That both of them should be mistaken in their views was no more than we anticipated, and consequently the whole of their proceeding has been a series of blunders. Much of the disagreement appears to have arisen out of the personal character of the two rival ministers—a remarkable confirmation of a remark made by us some months back, that in every thing the *personal* is predominant.

Meanwhile, in other portions of Europe, stirring events are hourly tripping up the heels of each other. The Queen Regent of Spain has been forced to abdicate, and leave that country to the cruel tender mercies of a soldier of fortune, and sundry characterless political ad-

venturers. The streets of Madrid will once more be deluged with the blood of revolutionary proscriptions, and the whole land become the blighted seat of intestine division. France, likewise, is a volcano, whose continual rumblings are ever giving notice of approaching convulsions. War is desired by a powerful party in that country—not so much to humiliate England and the rest of the allies, as to afford an opportunity for annoying, and perhaps overturning, the present system of government in France. Louis Philippe himself is aware of this fact, and accordingly finds his interest in so moderating the French counsels as to prevent an open rupture. If France is dragged into a war, the throne of Louis Philippe will be in a very precarious condition.

But it is still exceedingly doubtful whether war will really ensue. There has lately appeared some reason to anticipate, that sooner or later the viceroy would accede to the wishes of the allies, and be content with the hereditary possession of Egypt, and the life-possession of a portion of Syria. However, if such be the case, we must not be too sanguine as to the duration of such an accommodation. It being completely impossible that the sultan should ever, under any circumstances, be enabled to establish a vigorous administration in these provinces, the only result of Mohammad Alee's destruction would be, to deliver them once more to all the miseries of disorder and barbarism. If, therefore, it is the will of Divine Providence that Egypt, or Palestine, or both, should be regenerated, however amicably the present disputes may be arranged, the same difficulties and perplexities will again occur. M. Thiers may resign, and the peril of war be suspended for a while, or he may be recalled, and war may be re-threatened; or Louis Philippe may abdicate and then be restored; but these are mere passing accidents, not charged with any ultimate effects.

But these, says a weekly criticaster, are out-of-the-world politics. What then, most sapient Shallow of the veritable Gotham? Have you yet to learn that celestial observations are needful for the scientific construction of terrestrial charts? But it seems that, for some people, Coleridge has written in vain. Yet he is not unconfirmed, if *that* be considered necessary, by the highest philosophical authorities. Jouffroy, for instance, scouts with ridicule the very notion that politics can ever be advantageously discussed without reference to the philosophical laws, which not only regulate them, but, properly considered, veritably constitute them. The terms with which he speaks of his own countrymen are too applicable also to our own to be omitted here. We then hold with him, and with minds like his, that the future condition of our civilization is the most momentous question that philosophy can propose. Although the Masters Slenders of our Sunday press may not know it, it is verily a household question for all men, and a national question for all nations; and for us who are the immediate children, the actual citizens of this civilization, it possesses the most lively and urgent interest. To them, who cannot seize the Unity which lies beneath the difficulties presented by the actual spectacle of the world, the necessary elements which are involved in the contingencies manifested by the events of history, and who, filled with a superstitious reverence for the hidden future, dare not bind it in advance to the laws of a reason which will, as they suppose, die to-morrow;—

"to them," exclaims Jouffroy, "we can imagine our speculations may appear as dreams. Few political competitors," he justly observes, "have ever taken a year, nay, a month, or even a single week, to reflect on the destinies of the race. Is the science of politics," he demands, "such a simple affair, that it is enough to have arrived at years of discretion to comprehend it, or that, by special grace it reveals itself at once to those who engage in it. There is, undoubtedly, a practical kind of politics, which needs only the light of simple good sense and experience of life. Surrounded with the bonds of society, every one feels in his own village on which side the chain presses him—the humblest peasant can go as far as to the hand of the sub-prefect who draws it, and a little more sagacity will lead to the prefect himself. Without being greatly enlightened, twenty individuals in a department can reach the source of the evil, and deliberate on a remedy. But the destiny of a nation no more consists in questions like these than the destiny of an individual, in suitable nourishment, warm clothing, and commodious lodging." These are not ends, but means. Nations, like individuals, have their mission to fulfil in the world, and for them also, besides the science which is occupied with the health of the body politic, there is another, which is occupied with its destiny. The former may suffice for the administration of a country, the latter is required for its government.

Whether we may say of our statesmen what Jouffroy says of the French, that they give themselves no concern upon this point, let the facts that daily appear bear true witness. We fear that economists, administrators, and jurists are made in both countries by the dozen, but that men of political science—statesmen in fact—are alike wanting to both. How should we have them, the philosopher inquires, when the questions on the solution of which their formation depends are not even proposed, nor even suspected by those who sit at the helm? When, instead of looking at the horizon, they look at their feet—instead of studying the future condition of the world, and in this the future condition of Europe, and in the future condition of Europe the mission of their country, they give themselves no trouble on such points, and are occupied only with the details of their national administration? For to such a degree of degradation are we sunk in politics, that we do not even comprehend the signification of the word, and imagine we are dealing with politics when we are employed merely with our internal affairs. Nor is there any exaggeration in the charge. French and English statesmen not only imagine this, but act in consequence of it. "Do not fear," adds Jouffroy, "that they will cast a glance at the other side of our frontiers. What is beyond is nothing to them. What do they care for Europe—for humanity—for the world?"

Genius is the saviour of nations; and Providence, we trust, will yet provide another CANNING who shall understand these truths, and act in the light of their influence.